



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

11425.35.4

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK**

1918



1



ELIZABETH FRY.

VOICES
FROM PRISON;
A
SELECTION OF POETRY

Written within the Cell,

BY VARIOUS PRISONERS.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

CHARLES SPEAR, EDITOR.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

The monument of banish'd minds.
Sir W. Davenant.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,
No. 40 Cornhill.
LONDON:
CHARLES GILPIN,
8 Bishopsgate Street Without.
1849.

11425.35.4

**MARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918**

**THOUGH SOME MAKE SLIGHT OF LIBELS, YET YOU MAY
SEE BY THEM HOW THE WIND SITS ; AS, TAKE A STRAW
AND THROW IT UP INTO THE AIR, YOU MAY SEE BY
THAT WHICH WAY THE WIND IS, WHICH YOU SHALL NOT
DO BY CASTING UP A STONE. MORE SOLID THINGS DO
NOT SHOW THE COMPLEXION OF THE TIMES SO WELL AS
BALLADS AND LIBELS.**

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

**Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
CHARLES SPEAR,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.**

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

To those Women who Nobly Volunteered their Aid

IN THE

FIRST AND SECOND AMERICAN FAIRS FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

11425.35.4

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918**

THOUGH SOME MAKE SLIGHT OF LIBELS, YET YOU MAY
SEE BY THEM HOW THE WIND SITS; AS, TAKE A STRAW
AND THROW IT UP INTO THE AIR, YOU MAY SEE BY
THAT WHICH WAY THE WIND IS, WHICH YOU SHALL NOT
DO BY CASTING UP A STONE. MORE SOLID THINGS DO
NOT SHOW THE COMPLEXION OF THE TIMES SO WELL AS
BALLADS AND LIBELS.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by
CHARLES SPEAR,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Ep's Volume

**IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED**

**To those Women who Nobly Volunteered their Aid
IN THE
FIRST AND SECOND AMERICAN FAIRS FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.**

ADVERTISEMENT TO THIRD EDITION.

THE first edition of this work appeared in 1847, in Boston. In the following year, another edition was issued, very much enlarged. Several poems composed in prison were discovered. Since the publication of that edition, many more have been found. But the author has not thought it best, at present, to increase the size of the volume. He has carefully revised the whole work. Should there be a demand for additional pages, or for another volume, he has ample materials now to meet that want. The field is rich, and he trusts that it will be faithfully gleaned, at some future day, by some abler hand. The prison has really been often the very birth-place of genius; and there cannot be a richer collection of poetry from any source whatever, than from within its walls. The author trusts that when his labors have ceased, this work will still be carried forward, and thus convince the world that while the cell has often been the abode of the depraved, it has also been the abode of the virtuous, the enlightened and the humane.

Boston, July 6, 1849.

ESSAY ON THE POETRY OF THE PRISON.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong !
They learn in suffering what
They teach in song. *Shelley.*

Coleridge says 'Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude, and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

Many a poet, immured within the walls of a prison, will respond to this beautiful sentiment of Coleridge. And one object of this publication is, to show how human genius may manifest itself, even under disadvantageous circumstances; how, when shut out from the real world, it can create a world for itself, and, to use the words of Washington Irving, 'with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes, and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and to irradiate the gloom of the dungeon.'

Some minds become inactive when deprived of liberty. The effect is widely different on the poet. He becomes tender and imaginative in his confinement. His very loneliness imparts a livelier activity to his soul. It is well described by Sir Roger L'Estrange :

'Have you not seen the nightingale,
A pilgrim coop'd in a cage ?
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her lonely hermitage !
Even there her charming melody doth prove
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.'

Some of our best poets have labored to describe the loneliness and gloom of prison solitude. Who does not remember the

VI ESSAY ON THE POETRY OF THE PRISON.

thrilling description of the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' by Byron, and the 'Prisoner for Debt,' by Whittier? But who can describe the wretchedness of the cell like the prisoner himself? If he is a poet, his soul breaks forth from the restraint and gloom of his dungeon. With him there is no imagination. All is stern, living reality. He knows what it is to be a convict. He thinks of his pleasures: home: In his solitude he looks within himself; and his soul, bursting with thought, finds relief in the world of romance and poetry, and his genius, though dead before, breaks forth in the liveliest and sublimest strains of verse. His affections are enlarged. In his solitude he welcomes even the loathsome insect. What a beautiful poem is the one we have inserted entitled 'The Prisoner and his Mouse!' How was that little bird welcomed that tradition records as having once entered the prison window of James I., during his long confinement of eighteen years! How exquisite was the pleasure of Latude with his two doves! How was he even consoled by them for 'the loss of his sociable mate!'

But amidst the horrors of prison solitude, no employment has afforded such relief as poetry. The muse has come to the captive even in the lowest dungeon, and a world of light and beauty has dawned upon his soul.

What a thrilling history might be written of the prison! How often has it been the way to truth! How much oftener has it, in the past, been the abode of the innocent and the pure, than of the depraved and guilty! What a work to trace out the gloomy records of the church prison, on the one hand, and the state prison, on the other! It might, perhaps, be found that the former had found more ways of ingenious torment than the latter.

What a history! It has been said that a collection of all the popular poems which are in the mouth of a people would *poetry* truly represent the character of that people. How much nearer would be the prison! It is a fair index of human progress: The cell is dark or gloomy, light or airy, as civilization retrogrades or advances. So it will be till that great hour comes so long ago prophesied, when 'liberty will be proclaimed to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.'

PLAN OF THE WORK.

I. **DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS.**—This part contains several names that have been associated with liberty and human progress, many of whom have occupied a high rank in the world's history.

II. **ROYAL PRISONERS.**—Here may be found, in the order in which they lived, the poems of those who have been driven from the throne to the dungeon. Removed from the splendors of the palace to the gloom of the cell, they have sought pleasure in the world of romance and poetry. This is a rich collection. It well shows forth how the human soul may recover itself under the most trying circumstances, and irradiate even the dungeon with light and beauty.

III. **STATE PRISONERS.**—Under this general head, we have placed the writings of the inmates of our state prisons of the present day. A large portion of these poems are from the cells of the Massachusetts state prison. The initials, generally, are only given; as the world never forgets its criminals, the concealment of their names may help to blot out their prison-history. Among these productions, the reader will find a deep sympathy. He will soon learn that though 'the heart has run to waste, yet the intellect still asserts its power. Even amidst depravity and crime, the prisoner finds a solace in the charms of poetry. How touching 'The Prisoner's Address to his Mother!' What a simplicity in 'The Blind Girl!' What an ingenious paraphrase on the 'Good Time Coming!' How much devotion in 'The Convict to his Bible!' What a beautiful version of 'The Lord's Prayer!' Who can read these productions and not feel that there are minds here that may yet be restored to society! What a wide field for the Philanthropist!

IV. **MUSIC OF THE PRISON.** — The historian of music will find a strange paucity when he searches for Music for the prisoner. Feeling this want in our public labors, we have sought to meet it by going to the prisoner in his confinement. Not only has he found solace in poetry, but his heart has found relief from its heavy burdens in song. A few specimens only have been given, for want of room. The reader will be especially delighted to find that exquisite piece, 'The Prisoner's Address to his Mother,' set to music.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES. — This part of the volume has cost great labor, not so much from the want of material, as from its abundance. We have endeavored to sketch the most exciting incidents in the lives of those poets whose productions we have given. The very fact that they were thrown into prison proves that they must have taken a large part in the world's history. Of course this work must be imperfect. Who, for instance, could faithfully condense into a few pages the thrilling events in the stirring scenes through which Sir Walter Raleigh passed? And so of De Foe, and many others, whose names are familiar to every reader of history. We have done what we could. Should the work be kindly welcomed, even another collection may be expected. If not welcomed, we shall feel that we have discharged a sacred duty to the prisoner.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS.

James Montgomery.	
	Page
Measures of Imprisonment,	15
Moonlight,	27
To a Robin Redbreast,	29
The Captive Nightingale,	30
Soliloquy of a Water-Wagtail,	34
Ode to the Evening Star,	38
Madame Guyon.	
A Little Bird I am,	40
Prisons do not exclude God,	41
God Known by Loving Him,	42
Thoughts of God in the Night,	43
The Entire Surrender,	45
Glory to God alone,	46
The Swallow,	46
Happy Solitude,	47
Gratitude and Love to God,	48
The Soul that loves God finds Him everywhere,	49
Living Water,	49
Divine Love endures no Rival,	50
The Joy of the Cross,	50
The Acquiescence of Pure Love,	55
Self-Defiance,	58
Simple Trust,	58

	Page
Love increased by Suffering,	83
Love constitutes my Crime,	84
God's Glory and Goodness,	85

William Lloyd Garrison.

Freedom of the Mind,	57
Persecution,	57
True Courage,	58
The Guiltless Prisoner,	59
To Sleep,	59

John Bunyan.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS:	
Extracts from the Preface,	61
Faith,	64
Shepherd Boy's Song,	66

William Dodd.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON:	
The Imprisonment,	72
Public Punishment,	73
Midnight Bell announcing the Hour of Departure to the Condemned Criminal,	74
Promiscuous Confinement,	75
Immorality of Prisons,	76
Penal Laws,	76
On Suicide,	77
The Admonition,	78
To my Friends,	78
The Wife's Visit to her Condemned Husband,	80
Punishment of Death,	81
Address to the Deity,	82
Reflections, (unfinished,)	83

Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Lie,	88
Trust in God,	88
On the Snuff of a Candle,	88

CONTENTS.		xi
		Page
Saleek Osborn.		
The Ruins,		89
William Ray.		
Tripoll,		91
Juan Placido.		
Prayer,		93
Liberty,		94
Daniel De Foe.		
More Reformation, (a satire upon himself),		95
A Hymn to the Pillory,		103
The Knavery of Projectors,		106
The Traffic in Human Beings,		106
Contrast of the Slave Owners with the Spaniards,		106
Benvenuto Cellini.		
Verse called The Capitol,		107
Dialogue between the Soul and the Body,		114
Sonnet to the Constable of the Castle of St. Angelo,		115
Major John Andre.		
Sonnet,		116
Colonel Richard Lovelace.		
To Althea, from Prison,		117
George Wither.		
Poesy,		119
Henry Clapp, Jr.		
Prison Sonnets,		122
R—— L——.		
Loyalty Confined,		124
Luis de Camoens.		
Lament,		128
Earl Rivers.		
A Ballet,		129

	John Harrington.	Page
Epigy,		121
	Thomas Clark.	
Grief,		122

PART II.
ROYAL PRISONERS.

	Richard Cœur de Lion.	
King Richard's Song,		123
	Edward the Second.	
Complaint,		125
	James I., of Scotland.	
On first seeing Lady Jane Beaufort,		127
	Anne Boleyn.	
A Dirge,		129
	Queen Elizabeth, of England.	
Verses, while Prisoner at Woodstock,		144
	Mary, Queen of Scotland.	
Prayer,		145
Lament of the Queen,		146
	Lady Jane Grey.	
Lines, inscribed with a pin upon her prison wall,		147
	Charles the First.	
Majesty in Misery,		148
	Frederick the Second, King of Prussia.	
Inconstant Fortune,		152

CONTENTS.

PART III.
STATE PRISONERS.

C — M —	Page
Temperance Pledge,	155
Blind Girl,	156
The Prisoner at Midnight,	161
The Moonbeam,	163
Prisoner and his Mouse,	165
Prisoner's Resolution,	165
To my Sister,	166
An Acrostic,	167
Prisoner's Address to his Mother,	168
William B —	
A Voice from Prison,	171
E — S —	
Fair in Aid of the Prisoner,	173
Good Time Coming,	174
John Quinan, of Beverly.	
The Captive Maniac,	177
Farewell to thy Flute,	179
To the Moon,	181
On seeing a Bird flying past my Prison Window,	182
S — H —	
To my Sister on her Birth-day,	183
The Convict to his Bible,	185
Washingtonian Song,	185
The Convict Son to his Mother,	186
Holy Ambition,	186
Obadiah Parker.	
The Prisoner's Adieu,	188

	Page
W — G —	
The Wisdom of Instinct,	123
C. E. S. Boyington.	
The Condemned,	198
J — T —	
My Mother,	198
M — S —	
The Inebriate's Solitary Thoughts,	200
O'Connor.	
Sonnet,	203
H. Griffin.	
Prisoner's Lament,	205
Thomas Sturtevant, Jr.	
The Lord's Prayer,	207

PART IV.

MUSIC OF THE PRISON.

Song of the Convict,	213
Prisoner's Address to his Mother,	219
Of at Midnight's Silent Hour,	226
O where are his Joys?	221

Biographical and Critical Notices,	241
List of Works Consulted,	293
Concluding Remarks,	294

VOICES FROM PRISON.

PART I.

DISTINGUISHED PRISONERS.

POEMS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.^Q

PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT:

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND.

EPISTLE I.

You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me, how I spend the day ;
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time :
Expect not wit, nor fancy, then,
In this effusion of my pen ;
These idle lines — they might be worse —
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock ;

Bolts, bars, and portals crash and thunder,
 The gates of iron burst asunder;
 Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
 With clattering chains, in concert mingle:
 So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
 For joy, would break its drum to hear;
 While my dull organs, at the sound,
 Rest in tranquillity profound;
 Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
 And waft my spirit home again:
 Though captive, all day long, 't is true,
 At night I am as free as you;
 Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
 Can hold me when I'm fast asleep!

But everything is good in season,
 I dream at large — and wake in prison.
 Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
 I rise as early even as eight:
 Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
 For any man, in four and twenty.
 You smile — and yet 't is nobly done,
 I'm but five hours behind the sun!

When dressed I to the yard repair,
 And breakfast on the pure, fresh air:
 But though this choice Castalian cheer
 Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
 For reasons strong enough with me,
 I mend the meal with toast and tea.

Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing ;
Yet bards are not chameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light ;
Who ever dined or supped on fame,
And went to bed upon a name ?

Breakfast dispatched, I sometimes read,
To clear the vapors from my head ;
For books are magic charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.
When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound ;
When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line ;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author's native rage ;
But books there are with nothing fraught,
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought ;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall ;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod — but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dulness lost,
Poor Patience must give up the ghost ;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep !

At half past ten, or thereabout,
 My eyes are all upon the scout,
 To see the lolling post-boy come,
 With letters or with news from home.
 Believe it, on a captive's word,
 Although the doctrine seem absurd,
 The paper-messengers of friends
 For absence almost make amends :
 But if you think I jest or lie,
 Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy land I rove :
 Those iron rails become a grove ;
 These stately buildings fall away
 To moss-grown cottages of clay ;
 Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
 Who pipe and whistle on the plains ;
 Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
 Are satyrs wild, with garlands crowned.
 Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers ;
 Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers :
 The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
 Are metamorphosed into songs ;
 While wretched female prisoners, lo !
 Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
 Those hideous walls with verdure shoot ;
 These pillars bend with blushing fruit ;
 That dunghill swells into a mountain,
 The pump becomes a purling fountain ;
 The noisome smoke of yonder mills
 The circling air with fragrance fills ;

PLEASURES OF IMPROVEMENT.

20

This ~~horny~~ pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make.
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
They bill and coo their peety loves ;
Wagtails, turned thrushes, charm the vale,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through keyholes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles ;
The rattling rain, that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills ;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head ;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes ;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again !
As in a magic lantern clear
Fantastic images appear,
That, beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night :
Thus in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,

That borrow splendor from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me ;
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice ;
Nothing remains of all the vapor,
Save — what I send you — ink and paper !

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song ;
Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravished from his little nest
By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg :
See, the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
— The clock strikes one — I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day ;
At present, worthy friend, farewell ;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell
How, during these half dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

21

EPISTLE II.

In this sweet place, where freedom reigns
Secured by bolts and snug in chains ;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather ;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie,
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly ;
Where highwaymen and robbers stont,
Would, rather than break in, break out ;
Where all 's so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose ;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what 's heard and seen ;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun, who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows
As on York Minster or Kew Palace.
And here let us the scene review :
That 's the old castle, this the new ;
Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air ;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells ;
There stands the chapel for good people ;
That black balcony is the steeple ;

How gayly spins the weather-cock !
How proudly shines the crazy clock !
A clock whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun ;
And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long ;
Though captives often reckon here
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The porter, at the horrid gate ;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he, —
Entrance to all the world is free ;
One thing indeed is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarred ;
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like — getting out again !
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort ;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream, in spite of gout.
There, on the outside of the door,
(As sang a wicked wag of yore,)
Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown,
The lady was a stepping-stone,
Till — though the metamorphose odd is —
A chisel made the block a goddess :

—“Odd!” did I say?— I’m wrong this time;
But I was hampered for a rhyme:
Justice at — I could tell you where —
Is just the same as justice there.

But lo! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends;
Brim-full of giddiness and mirth.
He is the prettiest fool on earth.
The rogue is twice a squirrel’s size,
With short snub nose, and big black eyes;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears:
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows;
Waves on his breast and plumes his feet,
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks at once a thousand ways;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag his tail.

And yet the fellow ne’er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e’er you knew;

Who hops about with broken pinions,
 And thinks these walls his own dominions?
 This wag a mortal foe to Bill is;
 They fight like Hector and Achilles;
 Bold Billy runs with all his might,
 And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight;
 While Ralph his own importance feels,
 And wages endless war with heels:
 Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
 He sily pinches in the rear;
 They start surprised with sudden pain,
 While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
 With rueful look and flagging ears;
 A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
 The very picture of myself!
 My ghost-like form and new-moon phiz
 Are just the counterparts of his;
 Blasted like me by fortune's frown;
 Like me twice hunted, twice run down!
 Like me pursued, almost to death,
 He's come to jail to save his breath!
 Still, on his painful limbs are seen
 The scars where worrying dogs have been!
 Still, on his woe imprinted face,
 I weep a broken heart to trace.
 Daily the mournful wretch I feed,
 With crumbs of comfort and of bread;
 But man, false man! so well he knows,
 He deems the species all his foes:

PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
He will not, dare not, come too near ;
He lingers — looks — and fain he would —
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oh! as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate :
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought :
I feel, and 't is my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host ;
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me — I'm at rest ;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather suffer than deserve.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dabbled doe, all fire and life :
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace ;
Soft as the moonlight fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground ;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread :
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a timid squeak ;
Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The sawing animal returns ;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears :

— Poor beast ! from fell ambition free,
 And all the woes of LIBERTY :
 Born in a jail, a prisoner bred,
 No dreams of hunting rack thine head ;
 Ah ! mayst thou never pass these bounds,
 To see the world — and feel the hounds ! —
 Still all her beauty, all her art,
 Have failed to win her husband's heart ;
 Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest ;
 Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast ;
 Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
 So softly, delicately pied,
 In vain their fond allurements spread, —
 To love and joy her spouse is dead.

But lo ! the evening shadows fall
 Broader and browner from the wall ;
 A warning voice, like curfew bell,
 Commands each captive to his cell ;
 My faithful dog and I retire,
 To play and chatter by the fire :
 Soon comes the turnkey with " Good night, sir !"
 And bolts the door with all his might, sir :
 Then leisurely to bed I creep,
 And sometimes wake — and sometimes sleep.
 These are the joys that reign in prison,
 And if I'm happy 't is with reason :
 Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
 Makes every blessing doubly blest ;
 That soon these pleasures will be vanished,
 And I from all these comforts banished.

MOONLIGHT.



MOONLIGHT.

GENTLE moon! a captive calls;
Gentle moon! awake, arise;
Gild the sullen prison's walls;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
Let those smiles that light the pole
Through the liquid ether glide, —
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart;
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

Chase despondency and care,
Fiends that haunt the guilty breast;
Conscious virtue braves despair,
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
As thy beams the brightest shine,
When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night!
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue ethereal mead, —

At this moment dost thou see,
 From thine elevated sphere,
 One kind friend who thinks of me, —
 Thinks, and drops a feeling tear ?

On a brilliant beam convey
 This soft whisper to his breast ;
 ' Wipe that generous drop away, —
 He for whom it falls is blest.'

' Blest with freedom unconfined ;
 Dungeons cannot hold the soul :
 Who can chain the immortal mind ?
 None but he who spans the pole.'

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
 With her subtle magic spell,
 In romantic visions airy
 Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
 Far he flies from grief and pain ;
 Never, never to be torn
 From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion ! stay ;
 Beauteous bubble ! do not break ;
 Ah ! the pageant flits away ;
 Who from such a dream would wake ?

March 7, 1795.

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST.

29

TO A ROBIN REDBREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

WELCOME, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of liberty?

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapors scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground;
Robin! what are these to thee?
Thou art blessed with liberty.

Though yon fair, majestic river*
Mourns in solid icy chains;
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
On the desolated plains;
Robin! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty!

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford;
Colds nor cramps shall ne'er oppress thee;
Come and share my humble board.
Robin! come and live with me,
Live, yet still at liberty.

* The Ouse.

VOICES FROM PRISON.

Soon shall Spring, in smiles and blushes,
 Steal upon the blooming year;
 Then, amid the enamored bushes,
 Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
 Then shall I too, join'd with thee,
 Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough, unfeeling Dobbin,
 In this iron-hearted age,
 Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
 And confine thee in a cage;
 Then, poor prisoner, think of me,
 Think, and sigh for liberty.

February 2, 1795.

 THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

Nocturnal silence reigning,
 A nightingale began,
 In his cold cage, complaining
 Of cruel-hearted man;
 His drooping pinions shiver'd,
 Like wither'd moss so dry;
 His heart with anguish quiver'd,
 And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

His grief in soothing slumbers
 No balmy power could steep;
 So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
 The music seem'd to weep.

THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

21

Unfading sons of Folly !
To you the Mourner sung ;
While tender melancholy
Inspired his plaintive tongue.

'Now reigns the moon in splendor
Amid the heaven serene ;
A thousand stars attend her,
And glitter round their queen ;
Sweet hours of inspiration !
When I, the still night long,
Was wont to pour my passion,
And breathe my soul in song.

'But now, delicious season !
In vain thy charms invite,
Entombed in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I
That hailed the sun returning
Or swam the liquid sky.

'In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours
In solitude serene ;
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravished eye ;
I vowed eternal duty,
She looked half kind, half shy.

' My plumes with ardor trembling,
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung ;
The fair one still dissembling,
Refused to trust my tongue ;
A thousand tricks inventing,
A thousand arts I tried,
Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
Confess'd herself my bride.

' Deep in the grove retiring,
To choose our secret seat,
We found an oak aspiring,
Beneath whose mossy feet,
Where the tall herbage swelling,
Had formed a green alcove,
We built our humble dwelling
And hallowed it with love.

' Sweet scene of vanished pleasure,
This day, this fatal day,
My little ones, my treasure,
My spouse, were stolen away !
I saw the precious plunder,
All in a napkin bound ;
Then, smit with human thunder,
I fluttered on the ground !

' O man ! beneath whose vengeance
All nature bleeding lies !
Who charged thine impious engines
With lightning from the skies ?

THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

Ah! is thy bosom iron?
Does it thine heart enchain?
As these cold bars environ,
And, captive, me detain?

'Where are my offspring tender?
Where is my widowed mate?
Thou Guardian moon! defend her!
Ye stars! avert their fate!
O'erwhelmed with killing anguish,
In iron cage forlorn,
I see my poor babes languish!
I hear their mother mourn!

'O Liberty! inspire me,
And eagle strength supply!
Thou Love almighty! fire me!
I'll burst my prison — or die!'
He sung, and forward bounded,
He broke the yielding door!
But with the shock confounded,
Fell, lifeless, on the floor!

Farewell, then, Philomela:
Poor martyred bird! adieu!
There's one, my charming fellow!
Who thinks, who feels, like you;
The bard that pens thy story,
Amidst a prison's gloom,
Sighs not for wealth nor glory —
But freedom, or thy tomb!

February 12, 1794.

SOLILOQUY

OF A WATER-WAGTAIL, ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

On the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
I a feathered coxcomb spied ;
When the little hopping elf
Gayly thus amused himself.

‘Hear your sovereign’s proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old !
I’m the lord of the creation ;
I—a water-wagtail bold !
All around, and all you see,
All the world was made for me !

‘Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
Rises when I leave my nest ;
And, behind the hills declining,
Sets, when I retire to rest ;
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for me.

‘Vernal gales to love invite me ;
Summer sheds for me her beams,
Autumn’s jovial scenes delight me ;
Winter paves with ice my streams.
All the year is mine, you see ;
Seasons change, like moons, for me.

‘On the head of giant mountains,
 Or beneath the shady trees ;
 By the banks of warbling fountains,
 I enjoy myself at ease :
 Hills and valleys, thus you see,
 Groves and rivers, made for me !

‘Boundless are my vast dominions ;
 I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
 When I please, my towering pinions
 Trace my empire through the sky ;
 Air and elements, you see,
 Heaven and earth, were made for me !

‘Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
 All their humble distance keep ;
 Man, subservient to my wishes,
 Sows the harvest which I reap ;
 Mighty man himself, you see,
 All that breathe, were made for me !

‘T was for my accommodation
 Nature rose when I was born ,
 Should I die, the whole creation
 Back to nothing would return ;
 Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
 Sprung — exist — will fall — with me !’

Here the pretty prattler ending,
 Spread his wings to soar away ;
 But a cruel hawk descending,
 Pounc’d him up, a helpless prey.

Couldst thou not, peer wagtail, see
That the hawk was made for thee?
April 15, 1796.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail! resplendent Evening Star!
Brightly beaming from afar;
Fairest gem, of purest light,
In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
Lights to rest the weary day;
White the lustre of thine eye
Sweetly trembles through the sky;
As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,
Lo! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light,
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly-pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges round the vast creation;
When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.



Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE ;—
Now, when visionary sleep
Lulls the world in slumbers deep ;
When silence, awfully profound,
Breathes solemn inspiration round ;
Queen of beauty ! queen of stars !
Smile upon these frowning bars ;
Softly sliding from thy sphere,
Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell
No tormenting demons dwell ;
Round these walls, in wild despair,
No agonizing spectres glare !
Here reside no furies gaunt ;
No tumultuous passions haunt ;
Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;
Guilt, with bold, unblushing face ;
Pale remorse, within whose breast
Scorpion horrors murder rest ;
Coward malice, hatred dire ;
Lawless rapine, dark desire ;
Fining envy, frantic ire,
Never, never dare intrude
On this pensive solitude.
But a sorely hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here ;
One whose panting sides have been
Pierced with many an arrow keen ;

One whose deeply-wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled ;
From the herd when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly he scorned to yield ;
Too weak to fight, he lost the field ;
Assailed and captive, led away,
He fell, a poor inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star, to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head ;
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,
Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale, expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart ;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose,
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide ;
Calmly thus prepared, resign'd,
Swells the independent mind.

But when through clouds thy beauteous light
Streams, in splendor, on the night,

Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way ;
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes ;
Wildly through each throbbing vein
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain ;
All my fretful fears are banish'd ;
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd ;
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the muse's hallowed fires ,
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay
Swiftly, sweetly glide away ;
Till the last, long day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory shining
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty !
Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return !

Rise, to set the captive free,
Rise, O sun of liberty !

February 29, 1796.

**RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF
MADAME GUYON.⁶⁹**

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long,
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear ;
A heart to love and bless :
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less.
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD. 41

**My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I cannot fly ;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart 's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.**

**Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him, whose purpose I adore ;
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.**

PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD

STONE are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day ;
But they who thus have bound me
Cannot keep God away :
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

**They know, who thus oppress me,
'T is hard to be alone ;
But knew not One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone :
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
And fills my bosom with delight.**

Thy love, O God! restores me
 From sighs and tears to praise;
 And deep my soul adores Thee,
 Nor thinks of time or place:
 I ask no more, in good or ill,
 But union with thy holy will.

'T is that which makes my treasure,
 'T is that which brings my gain;
 Converting woe to pleasure,
 And reaping joy from pain.
 Oh, 't is enough, whate'er befall,
 To know that God is All in All.

GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.

'T is not the skill of human art
 Which gives me power my God to know;
 The sacred lessons of the heart
 Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
 The wonders that he learnt above.
 No other master knows so well;—
 'T is Love alone can tell of Love.

Oh! then, of God if thou wouldst learn,
 His wisdom, goodness, glory see;
 All human arts and knowledge spurn,
 Let love alone thy teacher be.

THOUGHTS OF GOD IN THE NIGHT. 43

Love is my master. When it breaks
The morning light, with rising ray ;
To thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

THOUGHTS OF GOD IN THE NIGHT.*

O NIGHT! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse!
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye Stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul
That darts her fires beyond the pole ; —

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,

* Extracted and lightly altered from a longer poem, translated
by Cowper.

That shine, indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred love.

Thou Moon! whose never-failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To Him who calls the stars by name ;
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers
Who blots or brightens all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race ;
Still whisper in his listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears ;
Tell him I seek him far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers ;
Friends of the pensive! who conceal,
In darkest shades, the flames I feel ;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The love that wastes my strength away.

How calm, amid the night, my mind !
How perfect is the peace I find !
Oh! hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart !
That love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

45

Omniscient God ! whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins,
Compassionate the numerous woes
I dare to thee alone disclose ;
Oh ! save me from the cruel hands
Of men who fear not thy commands !

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly thine ;
Reign in a heart disposed to own
No sovereign but thyself alone ;
Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit thee for a meaner love.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

Peace has unveiled her smiling face,
And woos thy soul to her embrace ; —
Enjoyed with ease, if thou refrain
From selfish love, else sought in vain : —
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
Renounce all strength but strength divine ;
And peace shall be forever thine ;
*Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.*

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

OR LOVED! but not enough, though dearer far
 Than self and its most loved enjoyments are :
 None duly loves thee, but who, nobly free
 From sensual objects, finds his ALL in Thee.

Glory of God! Thou stranger here below,
 Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;
 Our faith and reason are both shocked to find
 Man in the post of honor — Thee behind.

* * * *

My soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
 Nor hope nor wish to be esteemed or great :
 To take the impression of a Will Divine,
 Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in His just decrees,
 Love what He loves, and let His pleasures please ;
 DIE DAILY ; from the touch of sin recede ;
 Then thou hast crowned Him, and He reigns indeed.

—

THE SWALLOW.

I AM fond of the swallow — I learn from her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love ;
 How seldom on earth do we see her alight !
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

HAPPY SOLITUDE — UNHAPPY MEN. 47

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended, and pois'd in the regions of air ;
'T is not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is wing'd, like herself, 't is ethereal fare.

She comes in the Spring, all the Summer she stays,
And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun ; —
So, true to our love, we should covet His rays,
And the place where He shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be Love, and our nourishment
prayer ;

It is dangerous food that we find upon Earth ;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

* * * *

Let us leave it ourselves, ('t is a mortal abode),
To bask ev'ry moment in infinite Love ;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

HAPPY SOLITUDE — UNHAPPY MEN.

My heart is easy, and my burden light ;
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight ;
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love, the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, Love, and Hope within my soul abound ;

And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels, unperceiv'd, I share.

Thy creatures wrong Thee, oh thou sov'reign Good!
Thou art not loved, because not understood :
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honor are adored ;
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word ;
Pass, unconcern'd, a Saviour's sorrows by,
And hunt their ruin, with a zeal to die.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

* * * * *
ALL selfish souls, whate'er they fain,
Have still a slavish lot ;
They boast of Liberty in vain,
Of Love, yet feel it not.
He whose bosom glows with Thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

Oh blessedness, all bliss above,
When *thy* pure fires prevail !
Love only teaches what is Love ;
All other lessons fail :
We learn its name, but not its powers ;
Experience only makes it ours.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM
EVERYWHERE.

Oh Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee ;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

*To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.*

*While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.*

LIVING WATER.

The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears ;
The further it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
 A scanty, short supply ;
 The morning sees them amply filled,
 The evening finds them dry.

* * * *

DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.

* * * *

'T is just that God should not be dear
 Where *self* engrosses all the thought ;
 And groans and murmurs make it clear,
 Whatever else is loved, *the Lord is not.*

The love of God flows just as much
 As that of ebbing *Self* subsides ;
 Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul :
 Then let self-love be dispossess'd ;
 The Love of God deserves the whole,
 And will not dwell with so despis'd a guest.

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

THE Cross ! Oh ravishment and bliss —
 How grateful e'en its anguish is !
 Its bitterness how sweet !

*There ev'ry sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Tastes happiness complete.*

* * * *

Self-love no grace in Sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
'T is all the bliss she knows :
But nobler aims true Love employ ;
In self-denial is her joy,
In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side ;
Nor height, nor depth, can e'er divide
Their heaven-appointed bands ;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor, till the race of life is run,
Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our Fall,
Thou faithful Lover, above all
The Cross has ever borne !
Oh tell me, — Life is in thy voice, —
How much afflictions were thy choice,
And sloth and ease thy scorn.

Thy choice and mine shall be the same ;
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which must forever blaze !
To take the Cross and follow Thee
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion, and my praise.



VOICES FROM PRISON.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

To me 't is equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease ;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain ;
In ease or health no real Good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone ;
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias free,
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the Cross is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more ;
Suffer, unmov'd, beneath the rudest hand,
As pleas'd when shipwreck'd as when safe on shore.



SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

* * * *

SELF is earthly. Faith alone
Makes an unseen world our own ;
Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home !
Spurious gems our hopes entice
While we scorn the pearl of price ;
And, preferring servant's pay,
Cast the children's bread away !

SIMPLE TRUST.

Still, still, without ceasing,
 I feel it, increasing
 This fervor of holy desire ;
 And often exclaim,
 Let me die in the flame
 Of a Love that can never expire !

* * * *

This Faith in the dark,
 Pursuing its mark,
 Through many sharp trials of Love,
 Is the sorrowful waste
 That is to be pass'd
 In the way to the Canaan above.

LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

'I Love the Lord,' is still the strain
 This heart delights to sing ;
 But I reply, ' Your thoughts are vain,
 Perhaps 't is no such thing.'

* * * *

Nor exile I, nor prison, fear ;
 Love makes my courage great ;
 I find a Saviour everywhere,
 His grace in every state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
 Exclude his quick'ning beams ;
 There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
 And dwell on heav'nly themes.

LOVE CONSTITUTES MY CRIME.

Love constitutes my crime ;
 For this they keep me here,
 Imprisoned thus so long a time
 For Him I hold so dear.
 And yet I am, as when I came,
 The subject of this holy flame.

How can I better grow !
 How from my own heart fly !
 Those who imprison me should know
 True love can never die.
 Yea, tread and crush it with disdain,
 And it will live and burn again.

And am I then to blame ?
 He's always in my sight ;
 And having once inspired the flame,
 He always keeps it bright.
 For this they smite me and reprove,
 Because I cannot cease to love.

GOD'S GLORY AND GOODNESS.

55

What power shall dim its ray,
Dropp'd burning from above!
Eternal Life shall ne'er decay;
God is the life of love.
And when its source of life is o'er,
And only then, 't will shine no more.

GOD'S GLORY AND GOODNESS.*

INFINITE God! Thou great unrivalled one!
Whose light eclipses that of yonder sun;
Compared with thine, how dim his beauty seems!
How quenched the radiance of his golden beams!

O God! Thy creatures in one strain agree;—
All, in all times and places, speak of Thee;
Even I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt thy praise, and join the general song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan
Faintly reflected in thine image, man;
Holy and just! the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame!

* In a work lately published, the author supposes this sublime poem to have been written at a period in the life of Madame Guyon of which she makes the following memorandum:— *Completed thus far on this the 22d of August, 1688. I am now forty years of age, and in prison; a place which I love and cherish, as I find it sanctified by the Lord.*— *Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame De La Mothe Guyon, together with some account of Fenelon.* By THOMAS C. UPHAM. In two volumes. Vol. ii., p. 60. Harper and Brothers, N. Y., 1847.

Diffused throughout infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place ;
Soul of our soul ! whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers ; —

Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil Thy face, and keep Thee still unknown ;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart !

Thou art my bliss ! the light by which I move !
In thee, O God ! dwells all that I can love.
Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace,
Which ever watch, and bless our heedless race.

Oh ! then repeat the truth that never tires ;
No God is like the God my soul desires ;
He at whose voice heaven trembles, even he,
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me.

Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu !
I have no wish, no memory, for you !
Rich in God's love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having nought beside.

POEMS BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.^(a)

FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways ;
Yet scorns th' immortal mind this base control !
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose ;
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes !
It leaps from mount to mount — from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star !

PERSECUTION.

O PERSECUTION ! Fearful as thou art,
With scowling brow, and aspect stern and rude,
Thy hands in blood of Innocence imbrued,
Wrung, drop by drop, from many a tortured heart, —

Why should we dread thy gibbet, axe, or stake?
 Thou dost our faith, our hope, our courage try,
 And mak'st us valiant where we thought to fly:
 Through thee, the crown of Victory we take.
 Thy fires but purify our gold from dross;
 Once undiscerned, our value now appears,
 Which shall, at interest, increase with years;
 So do we gain by thee, nor suffer loss:—
 'T were base to sacrifice the TRUTH, to save
 Our names from foul reproach, our bodies from the
 grave.

TRUE COURAGE.

I boast no courage on the battle-field,
 Where hostile troops immix in horrid fray;
 For Love or Fame I can no weapon wield,
 With burning lust an enemy to slay:
 But test my spirit at the blazing stake
 For advocacy of the RIGHTS OF MAN,
 And TRUTH—or on the wheel my body break;
 Let Persecution place me 'neath its ban;
 Insult, defame, proscribe my humble name;
 Yea, put the dagger to my naked breast;
 If I recoil in terror from the flame,
 Or recreant prove when Peril rears its crest,
 To save a limb or shun the public scorn—
 Then write me down for aye, Weakest of woman
 born!

THE GUILTLESS PRISONER.

PRISONER! within these gloomy walls close pent —
 Guiltless of horrid crime or venial wrong —
Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
 And in thy innocence be tall and strong!
Perchance thy fault was love to all mankind;
 Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law;
Or strive all human fetters to unbind;
 Or wouldst not bear the implements of war: —
What then? Dost thou so soon repent the deed?
 A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
 And glory midst intensest sufferings!
Though beat — imprisoned — put to open shame —
Time shall embalm and magnify thy name!

TO SLEEP.

AFTER A NIGHT'S INCARCERATION IN PRISON.

THOU art no fawning sycophant, sweet Sleep!
 That turn'st away if Fortune rudely frown,
Leaving the stricken one alone to weep,
 And mourn his former opulent renown:
O, no! but here — even to this desolate place —
 Thou comest as 't were a palace trimmed with
 gold,
 Its gorgeous pageants dazzling to behold:

No prison walls nor bolts can thee affright —
Where dwellèth Innocence, there thou art found!
How pleasant, how sincere wast thou last night!
What blissful dreams my morning slumber
crowned!
Health-giving Sleep! than mine a nobler verse
Must to the world thy matchless worth rehearse.

POEMS BY JOHN BUNYAN.⁽⁶⁾

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PREFACE.

When at the first I took my pen in hand
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode ; nay, I had undertook
To make another ; which, when almost done,
Before I was aware I this begun.

* * * *

Well, when I had thus put mine ends together,
I showed them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them, or them justify :
And some said, Let them live ; some, Let them die ;
Some said, John, print it ; others said, Not so ;
Some said, It might do good ; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me :
At last I thought, Since ye are thus divided,
I print it will ; and so the case decided.

* * * *

Dark clouds bring waters when the bright bring
none.

Yea, dark or bright, if they their silver drops
Cause to descend, the earth, by yielding crops,
Gives praise to both, and carpeth not at either,
But treasures up the fruit they yield together ;
Yea, so commixes both, that in their fruit
None can distinguish this from that ; they suit
Her well when hungry ; but if she be full,
She spews out both, and makes their blessing null.

You see the ways the fisherman doth take
To catch the fish ; what engines doth he make !
Behold how he engageth all his wits ;
Also his snares, lines, angles, hooks, and nets ;
Yet fish there be, that neither hook nor line,
Nor snare, nor net, nor engine can make thine :
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be caught, whate'er you do.

How does the fowler seek to catch his game
By divers means ! all which one cannot name :
His guns, his nets, his lime-twigs, light and bell ;
He creeps, he goes, he stands ; yea, who can tell
Of all his postures ? Yet there's none of these
Will make him master of what fowls he please.
Yea, he must pipe and whistle, to catch *this*,
Yet if he does so, *that* bird he will miss.
If that a pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster-shell ;
If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold ; who will disdain,

That have an inkling of it, there to look,
 That they may find it? - Now my little book,
 (Though void of all these paintings that may make
 It with this or the other man to take,)
 Is not without those things that do excel
 What do in brave, but empty notions dwell.

'Well, yet I am not fully satisfied
 That this your book will stand when soundly tried.'

Why, what's the matter? 'It is dark.' What
 though?

'But it is feigned.' What of that? I trow
 Some men by feigned words, as dark as mine,
 Make truth to spangle, and its rays to shine.
 'But they want solidness.' Speak, man, thy mind.
 'They drown the weak; metaphors make us blind.'

* * * *

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
 The man that seeks the everlasting prize:
 It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes,
 What he leaves undone; also what he does:
 It also shows you how he runs and runs
 Till he unto the gate of glory comes.
 It shows, too, who set out for life amain,
 As if the lasting crown they would obtain;
 Here also you may see the reason why
 They lose their labor, and like fools do die.

* * * *

THE AUTHOR'S WAY OF SENDING FORTH HIS SECOND
PART OF THE PILGRIM.

Go now, my little book, to every place
Where my first Pilgrim has but shown his face ;
Call at their door ; if any say, Who 's there ?
Then answer thou, Christiana is here.
If they bid thee come in, then enter thou,
With all thy boys ; and then, as thou knowest how,
Tell who they are, also from whence they came :
Perhaps they 'll know them by their looks or name ;
But if they should not, ask them yet again,
If formerly they did not entertain
One Christian, a Pilgrim ? If they say
They did, and were delighted in his way ;
Then let them know, that these related were
Unto him ; yea, his wife and children are.

* * * *

—
FAITH.

The trials that those men do meet withall,
That are obedient to the heavenly call,
Are manifold, and suited to the flesh,
And come, and come, and come again afresh ;
That now, or sometime else, we by them may
Be taken, overcome, and cast away.
O let the pilgrims, let the pilgrims then,
Be vigilant, and quit themselves like men.

PRAYER OF MERCY.

Let the Most Blessed be my guide,
If it be his blessed will,
Unto his gate, into his fold,
Up to his holy hill.

And let Him never suffer me
To swerve, or turn aside
From his free grace and holy ways,
Whate'er shall me betide.

And let Him gather them of mine
That I have left behind ;
Lord, make them pray they may be thine,
With all their heart and mind.

THE INTERPRETER.

This place hath been our second stage :
Here we have heard and seen
Those good things, that from age to age
To others hid have been.

The dunghill-raker, spider, hen,
The chicken, too, to me
Have taught a lesson ; let me then
Conformed to it be.

The butcher, garden, and the field,
The robin and his bait,

Also the rotten tree, doth yield
 Me argument of weight,—

To move me for to watch and pray,
 To strive to be sincere;
 To take my cross up, day by day,
 And serve the Lord with fear.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG, IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

He that is down, needs fear no fall;
 He that is low, no pride;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
 Little be it or much;
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
 That go on pilgrimage;
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

CHRISTIAN'S SONG.

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
 The difficulty will not me offend;
 For I perceive the way to life lies here;
 Come pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear.

FILGREN'S PROGRESS.

61

Better, though *difficult*, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though *easy*, where the end is woe.

TALKATIVE.

How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes!
How bravely doth he speak! How he presumes
To drive down all before him! But so soon
As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
That's past the full, into the wane he goes;
And so will all but he that heart-work knows.

LITTLE-FAITH.

Poor Little-Faith! Hast been among the thieves?
Wast robbed? Remember this, whoso believes,
And get more faith; then shall your victors be
Over ten thousand, else scarce over three.

IGNORANCE.

Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel, ten times given thee?
And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know
Ere long the evil of thy doing so.

Remember, man, in time; stop, do not fear;
Good counsel, taken well, saves; therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, Ignorance, I'll warrant thee.

CHRISTIANA'S SONGS.

Blessed be the day that I began
A pilgrim for to be ;
And blessed also be the man
That thereto moved me.

'T is true, 't was long ere I began
To seek to live forever ;
But now I run fast as I can :
'T is better late than never.

Our tears to joy, our fears to faith,
Are turned, as we see ;
Thus our beginning (as one saith)
Shows what our end will be.

HARD TEXTS.

Hard texts are nuts, (I will not call them cheaters,)
Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters ;
Open the shells, and you shall have the meat ;
They here are brought for you to crack and eat.

OLD HONEST'S RIDDLE.

A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had.

GAIUS OPENS IT.

He who bestows his goods upon the poor,
Shall have as much again, and ten times more.

GREAT-HEART'S RIDDLE.

He that will kill, must first be overcome :
Who live abroad would, first must die at home.

THE RIDDLE OPENED.

He first by grace must conquered be,
That sin would mortify :
Who that he lives would convince me,
Unto himself must die.

FEEBLE-MIND.

What one would think doth seek to slay outright,
Ofttimes delivers from the saddest plight.
That very Providence whose face is death,
Doth ofttimes to the lowly life bequeath.
I taken was, he did escape and flee ;
Hands crossed, gave death to him and life to me.

VALIANT.

Who would true valor see,
Let him come hither ;

VOICES FROM PRISON.

One here will constant be,
 Come wind, come weather ;
 There 's no discouragement
 Shall make him once relent
 His first avowed intent
 To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
 With dismal stories,
 Do but themselves confound ;
 His strength the more is.
 No lion can him fright,
 He 'll with a giant fight,
 But he will have a right
 To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
 Can daunt his spirit ;
 He knows he at the end
 Shall life inherit.
 Then fancies fly away,
 He 'll not fear what men say ;
 He 'll labor night and day
 To be a pilgrim.

CONCLUSION.

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee,
 See if thou canst interpret it to me,
 Or to thyself, or neighbor ; but take heed
 Of misinterpreting, for that, instead

Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :
 By misinterpreting, evil ensues.
 Take heed also that thou be not extreme
 In playing with the outside of my dream ;
 Nor let my figure or similitude
 Put thee into a laughter, or a feud ;
 Leave this for boys and fools ; but as for thee,
 Do thou the substance of my matter see.
 Put by the curtains, look within my vail,
 Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail ;
 There, if thou seest them, such things thou 'lt find
 As will be helpful to an honest mind.
 What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
 To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
 What if my gold be wrapped up in ore ?
 None throws away the apple for the core.
 But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
 I know not but 't will make me dream again.

POEMS BY WM. DODD, LL. D.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON. (6)

THE IMPRISONMENT.

My friends are gone! Harsh on its sullen hinge
Grates the dread door; the massy bolts respond
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch.
The dire keys clang, with movement dull and slow,
While their behest the ponderous locks perform;
And fastened firm, the object of their care
Is left to solitude — to sorrow left.

But wherefore fastened? Oh, still stronger bonds
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,
To solitude and sorrow would consign
His anguished soul, and prison him, though free!
For, whither should he fly, or where produce,
In open day, and to the golden sun,
His hapless head? whence every laurel torn,
On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy;
And all in sportive triumph twines around
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace!

Yet what's disgrace with man? or all the stings
Of pointed scorn? What the tumultuous voice
Of erring multitudes? Or what the shafts

Of keenest malice levell'd from the bow
 Of human inquisition? if the God
 Who knows the heart, looks with complacence down
 Upon the struggling victim, and beholds
 Repentance bursting from the earth-bent eye,
 And faith's red cross held closely to the breast?
 Oh, Author of my being! of my bliss
 Beneficent dispenser! wondrous power,
 Whose eye, all-searching, through this dreary gloom
 Discerns the deepest secrets of the soul,
 Assist me! With thy ray of light divine
 Illumine my dark thoughts; upraise my low;
 And give me wisdom's guidance, while I strive
 Impartially to state the dread account,
 And call myself to trial! * * *

PUBLIC PUNISHMENT.

* * * Far worse than death
 That prison's entrance, whose idea chills
 With freezing horror all my curdling blood;
 Whose very name, stamping with infamy,
 Makes my soul frighted start, in fancy whirl'd,
 And verging near to madness! See, they ope
 Their iron jaws! See the vast gates expand,
 Gate after gate — and in an instant twang,
 Closed by their growling keepers; when again,
 Mysterious powers! — O, when to ope on me?
 Mercy, sweet Heaven, support my faltering steps!
 Support my sickening heart! My full eyes swim!

O'er all my frame distils a cold, damp sweat!
Hark — what a rattling din; on every side
The congregated chains clank frightful; through
Tumultuous press around, to view, to gaze
Upon the wretched stranger; scarce believed
Other than visitor within such walls,
With mercy and with freedom in his hands.
Alas, how changed! Sons of confinement, see
No pitying deliverer, but a wretch
O'erwhelm'd with misery, more hapless far
Than the most hapless 'mongst ye; loaded hard
With guilt's oppressive irons! His are chains
No time can loosen and no hand unbind:
Fetters which gore the soul. O, horror, horror!
Ye massive bolts give way: ye sullen doors,
Ah, open quick, and from this clamorous rout,
Close in my dismal, lone, allotted room
Shroud me; — forever shroud from human sight,
And make it, if 't is possible, my grave!

MIDNIGHT BELL ANNOUNCING THE HOUR OF DEPARTURE
TO THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL.

But, hark! what sound, wounding the night's dull
ear!
Bursts sudden on my sense, and makes more horrible
These midnight horrors? — 'T is the solemn bell,

Alarm to the prisoners of death ! *
Hark ! what a groan, responsive from the cells
Of condemnation, calls upon my heart,
My thrilling heart, for intercession strong,
And pleadings in the sufferer's behalf —
My fellow-sufferers, and my fellow-men !

PROMISCUOUS CONFINEMENT.

Oh, for a moment's pause, — a moment's rest,
 To calm my hurried spirits ! to recall
 Reflection's staggering pilot to the helm,
 And still the maddening whirlwind in my soul !
 — It cannot be ! The din increases round :
 Rough voices, rage discordant ; dreadful shrieks ;
 Hoarse imprecations dare the Thunderer's ire,
 And call down swift damnation ! thousand chains
 In dismal notes clink, mirthful ! Roaring bursts
 Of loud obstreperous laughter, and strange choirs
 Of gutturals, dissonant and rueful, vex
 E'en the dull ear of midnight ! Neither rest,
 Nor peaceful calm, nor silence of the mind,
 Refreshment sweet, nor interval or pause
 From morn to eve, from eve to morn, is found
 Amidst the surges of this troubled sea !

* This alludes to a very striking and awful circumstance. The bellman of St. Sepulchre's, near the prison, is, by long and pious custom, appointed to announce at midnight to the condemned criminals in their cells, *That the hour of their departure is at hand !*

IMMORALITY OF PRISONS.

Oh, my rack'd brain! — Oh, my distracted heart
 The tumult thickens : wild disorder grows
 More painfully confused! — And can it be?
 Is this the mansion — this the house ordain'd
 For recollection's solemn purpose! — this
 The place from whence full many a fitting soul
 (The work of deep repentance — mighty work,
 Still, still to be perform'd) must mount to God,
 And give its dread account! Is this the place
 Ordain'd by justice, to confine awhile
 The foe to civil order, and return
 Reform'd and moralized to social life!
 This den of drear confusion, wild uproar,
 Of mingled riot and unblushing vice!
 This school of infamy! from whence, improved
 In every hardy villany, returns
 More harden'd, more a foe to God and man,
 The miscreant, nursed in its infectious lap,
 All cover'd with its pestilential spots,
 And breathing death and poison wheresoe'er
 He stalks contagious! from the lion's den
 A lion more ferocious as confined!

PENAL LAWS.

Why do we punish? Why do penal laws
 Coercive, by tremendous sanctions bind
 Offending mortals? — Justice on her throne

Rigid on this hand to example points ;
 More mild to reformation upon that :
 — She balances, and finds no ends but these.

ON SUICIDE.

The verses subjoined were written by the King of Prussia, after a defeat, when one of his general officers had proposed to set him the example of self-destruction.

Dans ces jours, pleins d'alarmes
 La constance et la fermeté
 Sont les boucliers et les armes
 Que j'oppose à l'adversité :

Que le Destin me persécute
 Qu'il prépare ou hâte ma chute,
 Le danger ne peut m'ébranler ;
 Quand le vulgaire est plein de crainte,
 Que l'espérance simple éteinte,
 L'homme fort doit le signaler.

A friend having given Dr. Dodd in prison a copy of these lines, he was much pleased with them, and immediately paraphrased as follows :

In these sad moments of severe distress,
 When dangers threaten and when sorrows press,
 For my defence, behold what arms are given —
 Firmness of soul, and confidence in Heaven !
 With these, though fortune hunt me through the land,
 Though instant utter ruin seem at hand,

Composed and self-collected I remain,
 Nor start at perils nor of ills complain.
 To mean despair the low, the servile fly,
 When Hope's bright star seems darken'd in their sky :
 Then shines the Christian, and delights to prove
 His faith unshaken, and unchanged his love !

—
 THE ADMONITION.

Afflicted prisoner, whose'er thou art,
 To this lone room unhappily confined,
 Be thy first business here to search thy heart,
 And probe the deep corruptions of thy mind !

Struck with the foul transgressions thou hast wrought,
 With sin — the source of all thy worldly woe ;
 To shame, to sorrow, to conviction brought,
 Oh, fall before the throne of mercy low.

With true repentance pour thy soul in prayer,
 And fervent plead the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
 Faith's ardent cry will pierce the Father's ear,
 And Christ's a plea which cannot be withstood !

—
 TO MY FRIENDS,

Especially of the Charitable Societies, on their solicitude.
 Ah, my loved friends ! why all this care for one
 To life so lost, so totally undone ?
 Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears,
 Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings waked to cares ;

Whose deep offence sits heavy on his soul,
And thoughts self-torturing in deep tumult roll!

Could you, by all your labors so humane,
From this dread prison his deliverance gain;
Could you, by kind exertions of your love,
To generous pardon royal mercy move,
Where should he fly! where hide his wretched head,
With shame so cover'd, so to honor dead!

Spare then the task, and, as he longs to die,
Set free the captive, — let his spirit fly,
Enlarged and happy, to his native sky!
Not doubting mercy from his grace to find,
Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.

But if it must not be, — if Heaven's high will
Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil,
Oh, may each breath, while God that breath shall
spare,

Be yours in gratitude, be Heaven's in prayer!
Deep as his sin, and low as his offence,
High be his rise through humblest penitence!

While, life or death, mankind at least shall learn
From his sad story and your kind concern,
That works of mercy, and a zeal to prove
By sympathetic aid the heart of love,
On earth itself a sure reward obtain:
Nor e'er fall pity's kindly drops in vain!

I live a proof! and dying, round my urn
Affliction's family will crowd and mourn:
'Here rests our friend,' if, weeping o'er my grave,
They cry, 't is all the epitaph I crave.

THE WIFE'S VISIT TO HER CONDEMNED HUSBAND.

But, that shriek —

Thrilling with dread — whence is it? 'T is the voice
 Of female misery, bursting through the crowd
 To the lone dungeon; view that lovely form,*
 Deck'd in the neatest white, — yet not so white
 And wan as her wild visage: 'Keep me not,'
 Raving, she cries, 'keep me not, cruel, from him!
 He dies this morn; I know it; he's condemn'd;
 The dreadful judge has done it! He must die,
 My husband! and I'm come, clad in my best,
 To go and suffer with him! I have brought
 Sweet flowers to cheer him and to strew his corse.
 Pale, pale and speechless lies it! — Husband, come!
 The little infant, fruit of our glad loves,
 Smiled on me, as with parting breath I bless'd
 And kissed the dear babe for thee! 'T is but young!
 'T is tender yet; — seven days is young in life;
 Angels will guard my little innocent:
 They'll feed it, though thou couldst not find it food;
 And its poor mother too! And so thou diest!
 For me and it thou diest! But not alone;
 Thou shalt not go alone; I will die with thee;
 Sweet mercy be upon us! Hence, hence, hence!'

* This alludes to a miserable catastrophe, which happened here on the morning of a late execution. The poor young woman who came to visit her husband had lain-in but seven days. As soon as the husband's fetters were knocked off, he stepped aside, and cut his throat in a dismal manner, but not quite sufficiently to finish his existence; and, in that shocking state, paid his debt at the destined price.

Impetuous then her white arms round his neck
 She threw, and with deep groans would pierce a rock,
 Sunk fainting. O, the husband's, father's pangs,
 Stopping all utterance! Up to Heaven he roll'd
 His frantic eyes; and staring wildly round
 In desperation's madness, to his heart
 Drove the destructive steel! * * *

PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

Should not equal laws
 Their punishments proportionate to crimes;*
 Nor, all Draconic, e'en to blood pursue
 Vindictive, where the venial poor offence
 Cries loud for mercy? Death's the last demand
 Law can exact: the penalty extreme
 Of human crime! and shall the petty thief
 Succumb beneath its terrors, when no more
 Pays the bold murderer, crimson'd o'er with guilt?
 Few are the crimes against or God or man,
 — Consult the eternal code of right or wrong, —
 Which e'er can justify this last extreme,†

* Horace's precept must forever stand forth as irrefragably just:

—————'Adsit
 Regular! peccatis quæ penas irroget æquas
 Ne Scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.'
Sat. 3, Lib. 1.

† He had sometimes expressed his thoughts about our penal laws, that they were too sanguinary; that they were against not only the laws of God, but of nature; that his own case was hard, that he should die for an act which he always declared to be

This wanton sporting with the human life,
 This trade in blood. Ye sages, then, review,
 Speedy and diligent, the penal code,
 Humanity's disgrace ; our nation's first
 And just reproach, amidst its vaunted boasts
 Of equity and mercy : — Shiver not
 Full oft your inmost souls, when from the bench
 Ye deal out death tremendous ; and proclaim
 The irrevocable sentence on a wretch
 Pluck'd early from the paths of social life,
 And immature, to the low grave consign'd
 For misdemeanors trivial ? Runs not back,
 Affrighted, to its fountain, your chill'd blood,
 When deck'd in all the horrid pomp of death,
 And Gothic rage surpassing, to the flames
 The weaker sex — incredible — you doom ;
 Denouncing punishments the more severe,
 As less of strength is found to bear their force :
 Shame on the savage practice ! Oh, stand forth
 In the great cause, — Compassion's, Equity's,
 Your Nation's, Truth's, Religion's, Honor's cause !

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

God of the world, at length thy rule I own ;
 And prostrate fall before thy boundless throne ;

wrong, but by which he never intended to injure any one individual ; and that, as the public had forgiven him, he thought he might have been pardoned. But now (the day before his execution) he laid all these thoughts, touching himself, aside, though he continued to think in the same manner of the penal laws to his end.— See the Ordinary's Account.

The power resistless, trembling I confess ;
 In threatenings awful, but in love no less !
 Oh, what a blessing has that love assign'd,
 By penitence to heal the wounded mind !
 By penitence to sinners, who, like me,
 More than the unnumber'd sands that shore the sea ;
 My crimes acknowledge ; which, of crimson dye,
 In all their scarlet horrors meet my eye !

* * * *

Friend of the contrite, Thou wilt pardon give ;
 A monument of mercy I shall live !
 And worthless as I am, forever prove,
 That true repentance leads to saving love !
 That true repentance tunes to praise the heart,
 And in the choir of heaven shall bear an ample
 part !' *

Thus, by affliction's deep correction taught,
 Manasseh to the Lord for mercy sought :
 By the kind chastening of a Father's rod,
 Brought to the knowledge of himself and God :
 Happy affliction, for such knowledge given ;
 And bless'd the dungeon which led thus to heaven !

REFLECTIONS. — (*Unfinished.*)

Here, seclude from worldly pleasure,
 In this doleful place confined,
 Come, and let 's improve the leisure ;
 Meditate, my thoughtful mind !

* See Prayer of Manasseh, in the Apocrypha, next to the first book of Maccabees ; and compare 2 Chron. xxxiii. 21, &c.

Soul alike and body sharing,
How have I the one forget!
While for the other only caring;
Lo! my miserable lot!

Yet the one I so much cherish,
Doom'd to death when given to life,
Soon, perhaps, must sink and perish,
Dust to dust — must end the strife!

From a tedious tour returning,
Into distant foreign land,
How my anxious heart is burning
News of home to understand!

POEMS BY SIR WALTER RALEGH.⁽⁶⁾

THE LIE.

Written while under Sentence of Death.

Go, soul, the Body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand ;
Fear not to touch the Best ;
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Go, since I needs must die,
And give them all the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like painted wood ;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good, but does no good.
If Court and Church reply,
Give Court and Church the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live
Acting, but oh! their actions
Not lov'd, unless they give ;
Nor strong, but by their factions.
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

VOICES FROM PRISON.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition ;
Their practice only hate.
And if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell those that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion ;
Tell Love it is but lust ;
Tell Time it is but motion ;
Tell Flesh it is but dust :
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honor how it alters ;
Tell Beauty that it blasteth ;
Tell Favor that she falters :
And as they do reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In fickle points of niceness ;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :

And if they do reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness ;
Tell Skill it is pretension ;
Tell Charity of coldness ;
Tell how it is contention :
And if they yield reply,
Then give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness ;
Tell Nature of decay ;
Tell Friendship of unkindness ;
Tell Justice of delay :
And if they do reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell Schools they lack profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it 's fled the city ;
Tell how the Country erreth ;
Tell Manhood, shakes off pity ;
Tell Virtue, least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

8*

VOICES FROM PRISON.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
 Yet stab at me who will,
 No stab the soul can kill !

TRUST IN GOD.*

Even such is time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust ;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days !
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

ON THE SNUFF OF A CANDLE.

Written the Night before he died.

COWARDS fear to die ; but Courage stout
 Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

* In some copies thus entitled, 'Verses said to have been found in his Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster.' Archbishop Sarcroft, who has transcribed the lines, calls them his 'epitaph made by himself, and given to one of his daughters the night before his suffering.'

SELECK OSBORN.*

THE RUINS.

I've seen in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mouldering tower,
In awful ruin stand ;
That dome, where grateful voices sung,
That tower, whose chiming music rung
Majestically grand !

I've seen, 'mid sculptured pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept, in silent gloom,
Unconscious of their fame ;
Those who, with laurel'd honors crown'd,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gained — an empty name !

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid,
Cadaverous and pale !
That maiden, who, while life remained,
O'er rival charms in triumph reign'd
The mistress of the vale.

*A native of Connecticut. He conducted a newspaper in Litchfield, Connecticut, about 1806 or 1808, and was imprisoned in that place for a publication, which, under the influence of party excitement, was declared to be libellous.

I've seen where dungeon damps abide,
A youth, admired in manhood's pride,
 In morbid fancy rave :
He, who in Reason's happier day,
Was virtuous, witty, nobly gay,
 Learn'd, generous and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower, in twilight shade
Nor hero fallen, nor beauteous maid,
 To ruin all consign'd —
Can with such pathos touch my breast
As (on the maniac's form impress'd)
 The ruins, of the mind.

WILLIAM RAY.*

TRIPOLI.

Ye lurid domes! whose tottering columns stand,
Marks of the despot's desolating hand:
Whose weed-grown roofs and mouldering arches
show

The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;
In every ruin — every pile I find
A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind.
Your gloomy cells expressive silence break,
Echo to groans, and eloquently speak;
'The Christian's blood cements the stones he rears;
This clay was moisten'd with a Christian's tears;
Pale as these walls, a prisoner oft has lain,
Felt the keen scourge and worn the ruthless chain;
While scoffing foes increasing tortures pour,
Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more!'
Here thy brave tars, America, are found
Lock'd in foul prisons and in fetters bound.
Heavens! what sad times! must free Columbians
bow

Before yon tinsel tyrant's murky, musky brow?

* WILLIAM RAY was the author of several pleasing pieces, one of which stands in Ballou's and Streeter's collection of hymns, commencing thus — 'Thou art Almighty Lord of all.' In 1803 he was captured by the Turks, on board of the United States frigate Philadelphia, and taken to Tripoli, and kept much of the time in a loathsome prison.

Cringe to a power which death and rapine crown ?
Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown ?
Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,
Enrich'd by spoils, and stain'd with human gore ?
Bear the sharp lash, the ponderous load sustain,
Suppress their anger, and revenge restrain ?
Leave a free clime, explore the treacherous waves,
The sport of miscreants and the slave of slaves ?
Heavens ! at the sight each patriot bosom glows
With virtuous hatred on its country's foes ;
At every blow indignant passions rise,
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.
But Heaven is just, though man's bewildered mind
To the dark ways of Providence is blind ;
Else why are some ordained above the rest,
Or villains treated better than the best ?
Why, martyr'd virtue, hang thy injured head ?
Why lived an Arnold while a Warren bled ?
Earth's murderers triumph, proud oppressors reign,
While patriots bleed, and captives sigh in vain ?
Yet slumbering justice soon shall wake and show
Her sword, unsheath'd, and vengeance wing the
 blow :
Columbia's genius, glorious as the sun,
With thy blest shade, immortal Washington !
Unite to guard us from nefarious foes,
And Heaven defend, and angels interpose.
Devoted tyrants cause just wrath to feel,
Make Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel :
Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,
And despotism crush, to rise no more.

POEMS BY PLACIDO.

PRAYER.

From the Spanish of Placido.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. (7.)

BEING of infinite goodness! God Almighty!

I hasten in mine agony to Thee!

Rending the hateful veil of calumny,
Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity;
Eface this ignominy from my brow
Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now;

Oh King of kings! thou God of my forefathers!

My God! thou only my defence shall be,

Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea;
From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers, —
Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,
Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things, what thy will doth cherish,

Revives to being at thy sacred voice.

Without Thee all is nought, and at thy choice
In fathomless eternity must perish.

Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,
When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God! I can deceive Thee never,
 Since as through ether's bright transparency,
 Eternal wisdom still my soul can see
 Through every earthly lineament forever,
 Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand,
 Humbled, while Slander clasps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure
 Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,
 And men shall trample over my cold dust, —
 The corse outraging with malignant pleasure,
 Speak and recall my being at thy nod!
 Accomplish in me all thy will, my God!

LIBERTY.

O, LIBERTY! I wait for thee
 To break this chain and dungeon-bar,
 I hear thy spirit calling me,
 Deep in the frozen north afar,
 With voice like God's, and visage like a star.

Long cradled by the mountain wind,
 Thy mate the eagle and the storm,
 Arise! and from thy brow unbind
 The wreath that gives it starry form,
 And smite the strength that would thy strength deform.

Yet, Liberty! thy dawning light,
 Obscured by dungeon bars, shall cast
 A splendor on the breaking night,
 And tyrants, flying pale and fast,
 Shall tremble at thy gaze, and stand aghast!

POEMS BY DANIEL DE FOE.⁽⁴⁾

MORE REFORMATION.

A SATIRE UPON HIMSELF.

By the Author of the True Born Englishman.

EFFECTS OF SATIRE.

HE that in satire dips his angry pen,
To lash the manners and the crimes of men,
Pretends to bring their vices on the stage,
And draw the proper picture of the age,
If he be mortal, if he be a man,
They'll make a devil of him if they can.
The meanest slip shall in a glass be shown,
That by his faults they may excuse their own :
So guided by their passions, pride, or fate,
That they who should reform, recriminate :
And he that first reforms a vicious town,
Prevents their ruin, but completes his own ;
For if he was an angel from on high,
He cannot escape the general infamy :
They who resolve they never will amend
Assault him first, their vices to defend ;

And when his lines may happen to convince,
 They miss the passions, tho' they touch the sense.
 By secret pride, of which we all partake,
 We'll hate the doctrine for the teacher's sake :
 Scorn the instruction, or with high disdain,
 Tho' we receive the hint, abuse the man,
 As school boys, when corrected for a fault,
 Like what they learn, but hate the man that taught.

SHAME.

Shame, pride's young sister, and herself a vice,
 Prompts nature next repentance to despise ;
 She talks of honor, scandal of the times,
 Blushes at reformation, not at crimes.
 Men must be vicious, when they have begun,
 The scandal of acknowledgment to shun ;
 They must go on in vice, because they 're in,
 Asham'd t' repent, but not asham'd to sin ;
 These men's destruction no man can prevent,
For modesty has made them impudent.
 The difficulty in this riddle lies :
 The virtue should reform them is their vice.
 No proper language can describe the case,
 Too little honesty, and too much grace :
 Cowards, whom nature too much courage lent,
 Who dare to sin, but dare not to repent :
 Fools, who unhappily are curst with wit,
 And know not how to own what they commit.

REPROVING.

If innocence alone must guilt remove,
 Where lives the man that 's fitted to reprove?
 Whose life will scandal and reproach prevent,
 And never had occasion to repent?
 If in our circle such a star should shine,
 Thy whips and scorpions satire must resign;
 He only could a right of scandal claim,
 And he alone might honestly defame.

CONFESSION.

He that has all his own mistakes confest,
 Stands next to him who never has transgressed,
 And will be censured for a fool by none,
 But they who see no errors of their own.

PRETENSION.

If ever yet thou didst pretend to be
 From passions, pride, or from misfortunes free,
 In this thou hast been guilty of a crime
 Blacker than all the vices of the time.

REPREHENSION BY RAKES.

To sin 's a vice in nature, and we find
 All men to error and mistakes inclin'd,
 And reprehension 's not at all uncivil,
 But to have RAKES *reprove us*, that 's the devil.

PUBLIC CRIMES FOR PRIVATE VICE.

The outside of repentance may proceed,
 But still the devil and the man's agreed :
 He changes public crimes for private vice,
 And where 's the reformation pray of this ?

THE HYPOCRITE.

* * He's the hypocrite who both ways bends,
 Whose doubling conscience serves his private ends ;
 To-day can from the Established Church divide,
 To-morrow can his conscience sell to avarice and
 pride.

Alternate oaths and sacraments can take,
 Alternate sacraments and oaths can break ;
 On one hand can the Established Church defy,
 And when occasion offers can comply.

* * * *
 Lectures and sermons he frequents by day,
 But yet comes home at night too drunk to pray ;
 Yet too much piety is his disease,
 Thank Heaven ! there 's few such hypocrites as these,
 That wipes his mouth, and acts without remorse,
 Sins and repents, repents and sins, in course.

APPEAL TO APOSTOLIC USAGE.

But some to distant ages will retire,
 And of the Church's infant years inquire ;

And there from apostolic practice try
 To back the grand mistake with scriptural authority ;
 St. Paul, they tell us, sometimes did refuse,
 And sometimes join'd in worship with the Jews ;
 To-day would Christian proselytes baptize,
 To-morrow Hebrew converts circumcise,
 Crowds of dissenting Christians from them draw,
 Exalt the gospel and preach down the law ;
 Yet as occasion offered too thought fit
 To synagogues and sanhedrims submit,
 And this they very learnedly apply
 To their occasional conformity.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

The *Law* and *Gospel* were the very same,
 From one Divine Original they came :
Law was but *Gospel* under Types conceal'd,
 And *Gospel* was those Types and *Laws* reveal'd ;
 The Sacred Institution only di'd
 Because the thing was come it signifi'd ;
 The Types and Figures could no more remain,
 Because the Substance made the Shadows plain,
 The meaning of the Law was not destroyed,
 Only the Gospel made the Occasion void ;
 The Sacred Substance still remained alive,
In its eternal Representative.
 The equal Object equally will last,
That of a Christ to come, this of a Jesus past.

INTEREST.

Interest, like one of Jeroboam's calves,
 In all religions will at least go halves ;
 But where it gets a little oversway,
 It hurries all our honesty away.
 If Conscience happens to maintain its ground,
 And is too long on the defensive found,
 The vigorous siege is carried on so fast,
 'T is ten to one but it is subdued at last.
 But if the scruple happens to remain,
 Religion 's twisted up, that scruple to explain ;
 To this great idol Conscience learns to bow,
 And what was *error* once is *order* now.

CONSCIENCE.

Satire, forbear, industriously refrain
 The sacred name of *Conscience to profane* ;
 Cunning and craft may take up the disguise,
 But *Conscience* must be under some surprise :
 And, when he 's well recover'd, will raise a storm,
 'T is ten to one 't will make them all reform :
 He can the strongest resolution break,
 And will be heard when he thinks fit to speak ;
 The stoutest courage never could sustain
 The *shocks of Conscience*, the attempt 's in vain.

ATHEISM.

The atheist feels *this trifle* in his breast,
 And while he banters, trembles at the jest ;

The secret trepidation racks his soul,
 And when he says *No God* ; replies, *Thou fool.*
 Of *sleep* it robs their nights, of *joy* the day,
 Makes monarchs stoop to fear, and *kings obey.*
 Distracting thoughts in all their mirth 't will raise,
 And strange regret to pleasant acts conveys.

 CONSCIENCE SUPERIOR TO LAW.

Kingdoms and governments it keeps in awe,
 For Conscience is superior to the law,
 No Acts of Parliament can here constrain,
 But force or fraud are equally in vain.
 Dispensing power has here a legal force,
 For laws to conquer Conscience *cease of course* ;
 And where a law commands a man to sin,
The law goes out, and lets the libel in.

 TEMPTATION.

Herein much more than others thou hast sin'd,
Because thy lines against thy light offend :
 Hast broke thy own firm constituted laws,
 Hast been thyself th' effect, thyself the cause ;
 And it must be the devil drew thee in,
 Against thy sense and custom thus to sin,
 Since thou hast always own'd that Heaven thought fit
Want of manners should pass for want of wit.

PERFECTION OF SATIRE.

Satire's imperfect, and the title's lame,
 Till men may read their crimes without the name,
 And characters the persons best explain,
 When by the picture all men know the man ;
 For if the picture does the person show,
 They're certain signs that the description's true.
 The poet is not taken upon trust,
 For all men know the characters are just ;
 But if the names are needful to impart,
 There must be a deficiency of art,
 Like the Dutch painter with his man and bear,
 Who writes beneath to tell us what they are,
 As if the picture would not let us know
 Which was the properest booby of the two.

ACTIONS JUDGED BY THEIR RESULTS.

Endeavor bears a value more or less,
 Just as 't is recommended by success ;
 The lucky coxcomb every man will prize,
 And prosperous actions always pass for wise.

APPLICATION OF TRUTH BY OURSELVES.

For if thou but a hypocrite describe,
 The clergy search for him *among their tribe* ;
 If one *Sir Harry* in thy lines appear,
All the Sir Harrys think themselves are there.

If to describe a blockhead we intend,
 The beams take arms, and think they're all design'd;
 Each man takes up the part that suits him best,
 And strives to knock thy brains out for the rest.

SITUATION OF THE SATIRIST.

Satire, look back, and former days review;
 How stood it once betwixt the tribe and you;
 In prosperous days their conscious pride must know
 You fed those Priests that scorn to own you now;
 With constant charity reliev'd their poor,
 For which they'll stone thee now 't is in their power.
 With just contempt look back upon their pride,
 And now despise the gift which they denied,
 But let thy charity their crime outlive,
 And, what *they seldom practise* now, forgive.
 For Heaven, without their help, upholds thee here,
 He only claims thy thanks who hears thy prayer;
 He can the royal clemency incline,
 For human grace is centred in divine.

A HYMN TO THE PILLORY.

HAIL, hieroglyphic state machine,
 Contrived to punish fancy in;
 Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificant disdain.
 Contempt, that false new word for shame,
 Is, without crime, an empty name;

A shadow to amuse mankind,
But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind.
Virtue despises human scorn,
And scandals innocence adorn.
Even the learned Selden saw
A prospect of thee through the law.
He had thy lofty pinnacles in view,
But so much honor never was thy due :
Had the great Selden triumph'd on thy stage,
Selden, the honor of his age ;
No man would ever shun thee more,
Or grudge to stand where Selden stood before.
Thou bugbear of the law, stand up and speak,
Thy long misconstrued silence break,
Tell us who 't is upon thy ridge stands there,
So full of fault and yet so void of fear ;
And from the paper in his hat
Let all mankind be told for what.
Tell them it was because he was too bold,
And told those truths which should not ha' been told,
Extol the justice of the land,
Who punish what they will not understand.
Tell them he stands exalted there,
For speaking what we would not hear ;
And yet he might have been secure.
Had he said less, or would he ha' said more.
Tell them that this is his reward.
And worse is yet for him prepared,
Because his foolish virtue was so nice
As not to sell his friends, according to his friends'
advice.

And thus his an example made,
 To make men of their honesty afraid,
 That for the time to come they may
 More willingly their friends betray ;
 Tell them the men that placed him here
 Are scandals to the times,
 Are at a loss to find his guilt,
 And can't commit his crimes.

* * * *

What are thy terrors, that for fear of Thee,
 Mankind can dare to sink their honesty ?
 He is bold to impudence that dare turn knave,
 The scandal of thy company to save ; —
 He that will crimes he never knew confess,
 Does more than if he knew those crimes, transgress,
 And he that fears Thee more than to be base,
 May want a heart, but does not want a face.

* * * *

I beckon to mankind to have a care,
 And pointing, tell how I was lost, and where ;
 I show the dangerous shore
 Where I have suffered shipwreck long before.
 If among poets there remain a fool,
 That scorns to take this notice for a rule,
 But ventures the fidelity
 Of those whose trade and custom 't is to lie ;
 Let men to him no pity show,
 Let him to Bedlam, not to Newgate, go.

THE KNAVERY OF PROJECTORS.

SOME in clandestine companies combine,
 Erect new stocks to trade beyond the line ;
 With air and empty names beguileth towns,
 And raise new credits first, then cry 'em down ;
 Divide the empty nothings into shares,
 To set the town together by the ears.

THE TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BEINGS.

THE harmless natives basely they trepan,
 And barter baubles for the souls of men ;
 The wretches they to Christian climes bring o'er,
 To serve worse heathens than they did before.

CONTRAST

OF THE SLAVE OWNERS WITH THE SPANIARDS WHO
 BUTCHERED THE MEXICANS.

BLOOD quenched their thirst, and it sufficed to kill,
 But these the tender *coup de grace* deny,
 And make men beg in vain for leave to die ;
 To more than Spanish cruelty inclin'd,
 Torment the body and debauch the mind ;
 The ling'ring life of slavery preserve,
 And vilely teach them both to sin and serve.

POEMS BY BENVENUTO CELLINI. 63

VERSES CALLED THE CAPITOLO.

*Written during the Author's Imprisonment in the Castle
of St. Angelo.*

PRASE OF THE PRISON.

He who would sound the depths of power divine,
Should for a time in gloomy dungeon dwell,
Where grief corrodes and harrows up the soul.
Domestic care should prey upon his mind,
To sorrow and to crosses long inur'd,
By various troubles and by tempests tost.
Would you improve in virtue's rigid lore
By sad imprisonment? your lot should be
Unjust confinement; long in grief your chain
You comfortless should drag, and no relief,
No kind assistance from a friend receive.
You should by jailers of your property
Be cruelly depriv'd, and roughly us'd,
Nor ever hope for liberty again.
Frantic with rage, you should your prison break,
Urg'd by some fell oppressor's cruel wrongs,
And then in deeper dungeon be confined; —
Dear Luca, listen with attentive ear,

Whilst I my dire calamities relate ;
 What sufferings could be worse ? to break a leg,
 In moist, damp, noisome cell to be confin'd,
 Without a cloak to shelter me from cold !
 Think what I suffer'd in these cells immur'd,
 Lonely, from human converse quite debarr'd,
 My daily pittance brought me by a slave,
 A surly monster, silent and severe.
 Think to what ills ambition does expose,
 What dangers threaten an aspiring soul.
 Think what it was to have no place to sit,
 Or rest my head on, but a corner foul,
 All cover'd o'er with filthy excrements,
 At every hour of tedious night and day
 By cares unceasing to be kept awake.
 O think how dismal that to this sad cell
 None should approach, but mutes in silence wrapt,
 Who sternly frown'd, nor e'er an answer deign'd.
 How sad it was that in such horrid cave
 The poet's fancy, wont to soar, to rove
 In sprightly sallies, now should be confin'd
 To pine the solitary hours away !
 How sad to be restrain'd from pen and ink !
 Nor even allow'd the poet's sad relief,
 To scrawl with charcoal on my prison walls !

—

ADVANTAGES OF IMPRISONMENT.

But hold ! my sorrows make me deviate far
 From the first purpose of my moral song.
 I meant a prison's praises to proclaim,

To show what useful lessons may be learn'd
In deep distress and sharp affliction's school:
Few inmates of such dreary solitudes
Were ever equal to this arduous task.
In those receptacles of guilt and vice
The man of virtue seldom is immur'd,
Except when fallen a victim to the hate
Of ministers and servile tools of power;
Except through envy, anger, or despite.
Confin'd in dungeon deep, in gloomy cell
The prisoner oft invokes God's awful name,
Yet feels within the torments of the damn'd.
Howe'er traduc'd and blacken'd by the tongue
Of calumny, to reputation lost,
Pass two unhappy years in prison pent,
You'll then come out reform'd; with manners pure,
The world will love you, will forget the past,
Imprisonment will all your faults atone.
Within the darksome round of prison walls,
Relentless walls, where comfort never dwells!
The mental powers, the faculties decline,
The body like its covering decays;
Yet here, too, grossest wits by constant woe
Are sharpen'd, sublimated, and refin'd,
Genius midst sufferings imp's her wings and soars,
And from these gloomy cells, in prospect bright
Though distant, heaven's blest regions are descri'd.
Hear how invention's aid our wants supplies
And great difficulties can surmount.
Staring, aghast I stalk about the room,
My hair with horror bristled on my head,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
Next from a panel of the door I tear
A splinter with my teeth, expedient strange !
Cruel necessity such means suggest.
A brick reduced to powder then I mix
With water, kneading both into a mash.
Poetic genius fill'd my laboring breast,
And all my soul was by the muse inspir'd.
But to resume the subject of these lays ;
He who desires to know and to enjoy
The good that Heaven bestows upon our kind,
Should first be practis'd in the train of ills,
Which in his wisdom God inflicts on man.
A prison prompts and teaches every art ;
If medical assistance you require,
Through ev'ry open'd pore it makes you sweat.
With some strange virtue are its walls endu'd !
To make you learned, eloquent and brave,
And by enchantment wonderful its power
Your raptur'd fancy ever can delight
With florid, gay ideas, fairy scenes.
Though wisdom is in prison dearly bought,
Happy the man who there is taught her lore ;
The genius is not by confinement cramped,
But spreads untutor'd its advent'rous wings
To treat of gravest subjects, war or peace.
His efforts always with success are crown'd,
What steadiness the mind in durance learns !
No more elate by fortune's wanton smiles,
Nor sunk dejected and depress'd with woe.
Perhaps you 'll tell me all these years are lost,

That wisdom never was in prison learn'd ;
 I speak but what I feel ; experience shows
 That ev'n a dungeon may be wisdom's school,
 But would to heaven our laws were so contriv'd
 That guilty men no longer had the power
 To scape that prison which their crimes deserve.
 The man of low degree, by fortune doom'd
 To drudge for a subsistence, there should gain
 Experience, there should learn to act his part.
 He thus would be less liable to err,
 Less prone to stray from reason's equal path ;
 The world would then no longer be a stage
 Of dire confusion, and a chaos wild.
 Whilst in a gloomy dungeon's dark recess
 Monks, priests, and men of rank I saw confin'd,
 But fewest still of those who for their deeds
 Seem'd most deserving of that rigid lot.
 What poignant grief pervades a prisoner's breast,
 When some sad partner of his dire distress
 Loose from his chain first sees the prison door
 Op'd to admit him to bless'd liberty !
 What cruel anguish wrings his tortured breast !
 He wishes that he never had been born.
 Though long corroding grief upon my heart
 Relentless prey'd, though oft my laboring brain
 Has almost grown distracted with my woes,
 Midst all my ills some comfort strange I found,
 Unknown to those who slumber life away
 Upon the down of ease, whose happy lids
 Were never sullied with a gushing tear.

VISION IN PRISON.

What raptures would transport my ravish'd breast,
Should some one say to me with friendly voice,
Hence, Benvenuto, go, depart in peace!
How often has a deadly pale o'erspread
My livid cheeks, whilst in a dungeon deep
I pin'd and sigh'd my hapless hours away!
Depriv'd of liberty, I now no more
To France or Florence can at will repair!
Though were I even in France, I might not there
Meet tender treatment to relieve my woe.
I say not this against that noble soil,
Whose lilies have illumin'd heaven and earth;
But amidst roses thistles often grow.
I saw an emblem from the heavens descend
Swiftly amongst the vain, deluded crowd,
And, a new light was kindled on the rock:
He who on earth and in high heaven explains,
The truth, had told me that the castle bell
Should, ere I thence could make escape, be broke.
Then in a vision mystic I beheld
A long black bier, on every side adorn'd
With broken lilies, crosses, and with plants;
And many persons I on couches saw,
Diseas'd and rack'd with anguish and with pain.
I saw the demon; the tormenting fiend
That persecutes the souls of mortal men,
Now with his horrors these, now those appal;
To me he turn'd, and said, I'll pierce the heart
Of whosoever hurts or injures thee.

Herewith upon my forehead words he wrote
 Obscure, profound, with Peter's mystic reed,
 And silence solemnly enjoin'd me thrice.
 I saw the power divine, who leads the sun
 His great career, and checks him in his course,
 Amidst his court celestial brightly shine :
 The dazzled eyes of mortals seldom see
 A vision with such various glories fraught.

I heard a solitary bird of night
 Sing on a rock a dismal fun'ral dirge ;
 I thence infer'd with certainty, this note
 To me announces life, but death to you.
 My just complaint I then both sang and wrote,
 Implor'd God's pardon and his friendly aid ;
 For sight began to fail me, and I felt
 The iron hand of death upon my eyes.
 Never was lion, tiger, wolf, or bear,
 Of human blood more thirsty than the foe
 That now with furious rage attack'd my life ;
 More poisonous never was the viper's bite ;
 The foe, I mean a cruel captain, came
 Attended with a band of ruffians vile.
 Just as rapacious bailiffs haste to seize
 A trembling debtor with relentless hands,
 So rush'd those sons of brutal force upon me.
 'T was on the first of August that they came
 To drag me to a dismal dungeon, worse
 By far than that in which so long I'd groan'd,
 A cell in which the most abandon'd crew,
 The refuse of the prison, are confin'd.
 Yet in this sad distress I soon receiv'd,

Though unexpected, succor and relief.
 My foes, when thus their hellish spite they saw
 Defeated, to fell poison had recourse ;
 But here again the Almighty interpos'd,
 For first I ever turn'd my thoughts to God,
 And loud his grace and aid divine implor'd.

My poignant anguish being thus assuag'd,
 Whilst I prepar'd to render up my soul,
 Resign'd to pass unto a better state,
 I saw an angel from the heav'ns descend,
 Holding a glorious palm-branch in his hand.
 With looks then joyous, placid, and serene,
 He promis'd to my life a longer date :
 The angel spoke to me in terms like these :
 Thy foes shall all be humbled to the dust,
 And thou shalt lead a life of lasting bliss—
 Favor'd by heaven and earth's eternal sire.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SOUL AND THE
 BODY.

Body. Say, plaintive and desponding soul,

Why thus so loath on earth to stay ?

Soul. In vain we strive 'gainst Heaven's control ;

Since life 's a pain, let 's haste away.

Body. Ah, wing not hence thy rapid flight,

Content thyself, nor fate deplore,

New scenes of joy and pure delight

Heaven still for thee may have in store.

Soul. I then consent to stay a while,
 Freedom once more in hopes to gain ;
 The rest of life with ease beguile,
 And dread no more the rattling chain.

SONNET

TO THE CONSTABLE OF THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

COULD I, my lord, convey in labor'd strain
 Some emanation of that light divine,
 Which late illum'd my soul, I more should gain
 Approved by Thee, than were an empire mine.

Would heaven it were but to our pontiff told,
 How to my eyes his glory Christ reveal'd,
 Glory which human tongue can ne'er unfold!
 Glory from mortal view by clouds conceal'd!

Soon Justice would unbar her iron gate,
 Soon thou wouldst see vile, impious Fury bound,
 Wouldst hear her rave at Heav'n and cruel fate,
 And with her cries make all th' expanse resound.

Did I, alas! enjoy the light of day,
 Or were my limbs but free and unconfin'd,
 I then could Heav'n's unbounded love display,
 Smile at my pain, to death and fate resign'd.

The cross I bear would then appear more light,
 And Freedom's rays dispel the gloom of night.

MAJOR JOHN ANDRE. (62)

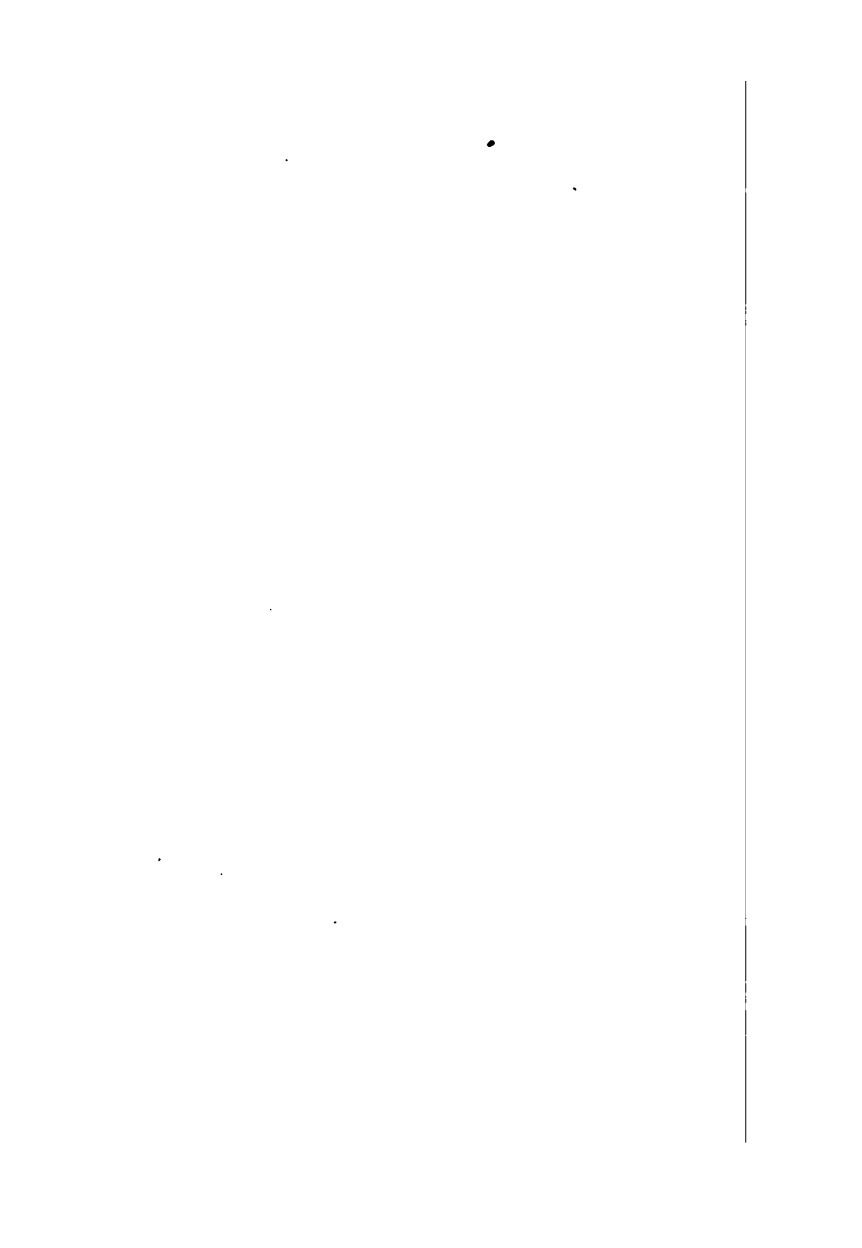
SONNET.

EROTIC, enraptured hours,
When Delia's heart was mine ;
When she, with wreaths of flowers,
My temples did entwine !
No jealousy nor care
Corroded in my breast,
And visions light as air
Presided o'er my rest.
Since I 'm removed from state,
And bid adieu to time,
At my unhappy fate
Let Delia not repine,
But may the mighty Jove
Her crown with happiness !
This grant, ye powers above,
And take my soul to bliss.
Now, nightly round my head
No airy visions play ;
Nor flow'rets deck my head
Each vernal holiday :
But far from these sad plains
The lovely Delia flies,
While racked with jealous pains
Her wretched Andre dies.



MAJOR ANDRE.

Fac-simile of a drawing made by himself, with a pen, the day before his execution. The original is in the Trumbull Gallery, at Yale College.



COL. RICHARD LOVELACE.⁶¹

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

When Love, with unconfined wing,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king ;

When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

GEORGE WITHER.

POESY.

Written while imprisoned in the London Tower.

* * * * *

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some invention draw,
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring;
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me

Than all nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help, I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness;
The dull lonesness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made
The strange music of the waves,
Beating these hollow caves,
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss.
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect, ---
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this;
Poesy, thou sweet'st content,
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to naught but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee;

Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy mad'st fits,
Above all their greatest wits ;
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy rapture folly,
Thou dost teach me to condemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

HENRY CLAPP, JR.*

PRISON SONNETS.

A FRIEND, whose heart, with loving kindness fraught,
Was moved to send into my cold retreat
Some Messenger of Love, whose influence sweet
Should cause these bolts and bars to be forgot,
Chose a young plant, whose virgin breath and bloom
Should brighten up this dark and gloomy cell,
And make it fragrant as the favored dell
Where flowers delight to yield their rich perfume.
But scarce three days had cast their prison shade,
And three damp nights had shed their prison chill
On this dear plant, ere its sweet breath was still,
Its color gone, its soul forever fled!
I gathered up the faded leaves and flowers,
And thought them emblem fit of prison hours!

Oh how can man his equal brother chain
Within cold walls, while this warm-hearted spring
Makes all the earth and heavens with joy to ring
With song of birds and trees and falling rain?

* Henry Clapp is editor of the Pioneer, in Lynn, Massachusetts. He was confined for thirty days, in Salem, for an alleged libel on Judge Lummus. He is well known as one of our ablest writers, and as an ardent defender of human rights.

Would he from sin his fellow-man reclaim,
And guide his steps to Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Where he may know and live his Maker's praise,
And learn to sing the glory of His name?
Then loose the shackle from his aching limb,
Take from his heart the prison's deathly chill,
And let him roam o'er smiling mead and hill,
Where Nature's voice — her 'low, perpetual hymn'—
Will banish from his soul each Hate impure,
And make it glow with loves that shall endure.

Salem Jail, May 2, 1846.

LOYALTY CONFINED.*

BY _____

BEAT on, proud billows : Boreas, blow :
Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof ;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof ;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ;
Then strike, Affliction ! for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me :
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty :
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

* This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's 'Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I.' London, 1663, fol. p. 96. The author is not mentioned, though tradition assigns it to Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE. Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected in two others, one in MS., the other in the 'Westminster Drollery, or a Choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671.' 12mo. The poem was doubtless composed in prison. Lloyd speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times with no other reward than conscience.

In the Gentlemen's Magazine for 1757, p. 82, we find the stanza ascribed to Arthur Lord Capel, who was imprisoned in the Tower during Cromwell's usurpation.

In comparing the language of the poem in the magazine with the copy above, we find it quite different in many places. We have, as yet, been unable to account for these variations. But supposing Bishop Percy to be correct, we have followed the language as we find it in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' a work kindly loaned us by Wendell Phillips, and one of sterling value, containing a great variety of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces of our earlier Poets. ♣

I, whilst I wish to be retir'd,
 Into this private room was turn'd ;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
 The salamander should be burn'd ;
 Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty ;
 The pelican her wilderness ;
 And 't is the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :
 Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
 I, as my mistress' favors, wear ;
 And for to keep my ancles warm,
 I have some iron shackles there ;
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I 'm in the cabinet lockt up,
 Like some high-prizéd margarite,
 Or, like the great mogul or pope,
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight :
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
 And thus, proud sultan, I 'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
 Where tempting objects are not seen ;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep vice out, and keep me in :

Malice of late 's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure :
Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
Mischief, oft-times proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem ;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him :
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart,
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin ;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine :
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart ?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage ?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty ;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre hate, my soul is free :
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp and sing,
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part 's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T^e accompany my solitude :
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.*

Woes succeeding woes
Belied my earnest hope of sweet repose ;
In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honors o'er my destined head,
Foul calumny proclaimed the fraudulent tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail.

* This poet was born in Lisbon, 1524. He was the glory of Portugal. At one time he fell deeply in love with a lady of the palace, Dona Catharina de Attayda, whose charms he celebrates in his poems written after her death. He compares his exile to that of Ovid.

' Thus fancy paints me, thus like him forlorn,
Condemned the hapless exile's fate to prove ;
In life-consuming pain thus doomed to mourn
The loss of all I prized — of her I love.'

HAYLEY gives us a translation of a sonnet in which Luis de Camoens commemorates her virtues: —

' While, pressed with woes from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
Who was in life but as a dream to me.
O'er the drear waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step; but ah! she dies!
Our distance widening by fate's stern decree.
"Fly not from me, kind shadow!" I exclaim; —
She, with fixed eyes, that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seemed to say, "Forbear thy fond design," —
Still dies. I call her, but her half-formed name
Dies on my faltering tongue; — I wake, and feel
Not e'en one short delusion can be mine.'

His crime was Malversation. He wrote several playful pieces to the viceroy. He proved his innocence, but was afterwards detained by a hard creditor. — *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Phil. 1845. p. 730.

EARL RIVERS.*

A BALET.

SUM WHAT musyng, And more mornyng,
In remembryng The unстыdfastness ;
This world being Of such whelyng,
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse ?

*This is the only original poem known of Anthony Widville, the gallant Earl Rivers; his other works being mere translations. It was written during his confinement in Pomfret Castle, a short time before his execution, in 1483. It gives a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate. The sentiments conveyed in the poem are tinged with sage reflections and manly resignation, though the metre will not appear very dignified to modern ears. Rouse is said to have copied it from the earl's own handwriting. 'In tempore,' says this writer, 'in carcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum balet in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: *SUM WHAT MUSYNG,*' &c. Rossi Hist. Svo. 2 Edit. p. 213. In Rouse the second stanza, &c., is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy, printed in 'Ancient Songs, from the time of K. Hen. III. to the Revolution,' page 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's edition, 1721, p. 565, beginning thus:

'Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,
And sore sighyng, All desolate.
My remembryng Of my livyng,
My death wishyng, Sothe cry and late.

'Infortunate Is so my fate
That wote ys what, Out of mesure
My life I hate; Thus desperat
In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c.

I fere dowties, Remediles,
 Is now to sese My wofull chaunce.
 [For unkyndness, Withouten less,
 And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displesaunce, To my grevaunce,
 And no suraunce Of remedy.]
 Lo! in this traunce, Now in substaunce,
 Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,
 And that gretly, To be content:
 Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry
 All contrary, From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,
 Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
 But I ne went Thus to be shent.
 But sho hit ment; Such is hur wone.

Ver. 15, That fortune. Rossi Hist.
 Ver. 19, went, i. e. weened.

JOHN HARRINGTON.^(12.)

ELEGY,

*Wrote in the Tower while confined with the Princess
Elizabeth, 1554.*

THE lyfe is longe that lothsomely dothe last,
The doleful days draw slowly to their date,
The present pange, or painful plague, scarce past,
But some new greif, still green, doth marr our state,
In all we find 'midst this worlds storme and stryfe,
Sure deathe is sweete that shortythe such a lyfe.

The pleasaunte years that some so swiftelye runne,
The merrie daies to end so faste that fleete,
The riot-night which day draws on so soone,
The happie hours which more do misse than meete,
Do all consume, lyke snow kyss'd by the sunne,
And death soon ends all that vain lyfe begunne.

Death is a porfe whereby we pass to joye ;
Lyfe is a lake that drownethe all in payne ;
Death is so dear, it killeth all annoye ;
Lyfe is so lewd that all it yields is vayne ;
For, as by lyfe to bondage man was broughte,
Even so by death all freedom too was wroughte.

THOMAS CLARK.*

UNHAPPY is that man whose acts doth procure
The misery of this house in prison to endure.

It is the point of a wise man to try and then trust,
For happy is he who findeth one that is just.

* Supposed to be a Roman Catholic priest, who was confined in the Tower of London in 1576.





Howard

A friend to every clime! A Patriot of the World!

PART II.
ROYAL PRISONERS.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.*

BOWEN 1157. DUNN 1190.

Translation of King Richard's Song.

Is captive wight attempt the tuneful strain,
His voice, belike, full dolefully will sound;
Yet, to the sad, 't is comfort to complain.
Friends have I store, and promises abound;
Shame on the niggards! since, these winters twain,
Unransomed, still I bear a tyrant's chain.

Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poitou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all whom wealth could buy from chains with-
drew.

* For a very interesting and condensed sketch, and also for another translation of this author, see *Poets and Poetry of Europe*. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. Phil. edition, p. 437.

Not in reproach I speak, nor idly vain,
But I alone, unpitied, bear the chain.

My fate will show, 'the dungeon and the grave

Alike repel our kindred and our friends.'

Here am I left, their paltry gold to save!

Sad fate is mine; but worse their crime attends.

Their lord will die; their conscience shall remain,

And tell how long I wore this galling chain.

No wonder though my heart with grief boil o'er,

When he, my perjured lord, invades my lands;

Forgets he then the oaths he lately swore,

When both, in treaty, join'd our plighted hands?

Else, sure I ween, I should not long remain

Unpitied here to wear a tyrant's chain.

To those my friends long lov'd and ever dear,

To gentle Chaïll, and kind Persarain,

Go forth, my song, and say, whate'er they hear,

To them my heart was never false or vain.

Should they rebel— but no; their souls disdain

With added weight to load a captive's chain.

Know, then, the youths of Anjou and Touraine,

Those lusty bachelors, those airy lords,

That these vile walls their captive king restrain!

Sure, they in aid will draw their loyal swords!

Alas! nor faith, nor valor, now remain;

Sighs are but wind, and I must bear my chain.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

BORN 1284. DIED 1327.

COMPLAINT OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

[Written while confined in the Castle of Kenilworth, or
in the Castle of Barkle.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY MR. ANDREWS.*

DAMNUM mihi contulit¹ tempore brumali
Fortuna² satis aspera vehementis mali.
Nullus est tam sapiens, mitis, aut formosus,
Tam prudens virtutibus ceterisque³ famosus,
Quin stultus reputabitur et satis despectus,
Si fortuna prosperos avertat effectus.

* 'These, wyth manye other after the same makynge,' says the chronicler, 'I have seene, whyche are reported to bee of hys owne makynge, in the tyme of hys emprysonment.'

¹ 'In Castle of Kenilworth, and after in Castle of Barkle, took greate repentance of hys former life, and made a lamentable complainte for that he had so grevously offended God; whereof a part I have set out, but not all, lest it should be tedious to the readers or hearers.'

Bishop Turner says, that in the herald's office is extant in manuscript, a Latin poem, written by this unhappy prince while a prisoner, the title of which is '*Lamentatio gloriosi Regis Edwardi de Carnarvon, quam edidit Tempore sua Incarcerationis.*'

The above is probably an extract from the poem to which the bishop has referred.

¹ Contigit.

² Forma, ib.

³ ib. Ceteris.

Mr. ARDASWA, in his entertaining history, has offered the following imitation of the preceding extract :

On my devoted head
Her bitterest showers,
All from a wintry cloud,
Stern fortune pours.
View but her favorite,
Sage and discerning,
Grac'd with fair comeliness,
Fam'd for his learning,
Should she withdraw her smile,
Each grace she banishes,
Wisdom and wit are flown,
And beauty vanishes.

JAMES I., OF SCOTLAND.^(12.)

BORN 1393. DIED 1437.

1

[*A prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Jane Beaufort,
who afterwards was his Queen.*]

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy*
To see the world and folk that went forbye,†
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and, in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small,
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughs and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,

*Haste.

†Past.

And mids of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The Boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis* sat
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear, thy hymnis consecrat
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
 That all the gardens and the wallis rang
 Right of their song. * * *

——— Cast I down mine eyes again,
 Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
 Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
 The fairist or the freshest younge flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
 For which sudden abate, anon astart,†
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,‡
 No wonder was ; for why ? my wittis all
 Were so overcome with pleasance and detight,
 Only through letting of my eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
 Forever of free will, — for of menace
 There was no token in her sweete face.

* Twigs.

† Went and came.

‡ Confounded for a little while.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
 And oftensons I leant it out again,
 And saw her walk that very womanly,
 With no wight me', but only woman twain,
 Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,*
 'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature!

'Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
 And comin are to loose me out of band?
 Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
 That have depainted with their heavenly hand,
 This garden full of flowers as they stand?
 What shall I think, alas! what reverence
 Shall I mister† unto your excellence?

'If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
 To do me pain, I may it not astart:‡
 If ye be wardly wight, that doth me sike,§
 Why list|| God make you so, my dearest heart,
 To do a seely¶ prisoner this smart,
 That loves you all, and wot of nought but woe!
 And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so.'

Of her array the form if I shall write,
 Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
 In fretwise couchit** with pearlis white
 And great balas†† leaning‡‡ as the fire,
 With mony ane emerant and fair sapphire;

* Say. † Minister. ‡ Fly. § Makes me sigh.

|| Pleased. ¶ Wretched. ** Inlaid like fretwork.

†† A kind of precious stone. ‡‡ Glittering.

And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spongis bright as gold,
Ferged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,*
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,†
A goodly chain of small orfevory,‡
Whereby there hung a ruby without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,§ so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party,|| God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,¶
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,**
Thus halfings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

* A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here allude covertly to the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet, or Jonet. [*Thomson's Edition of King's Quhair.* Ayr, 1824.]

† Enamel.

‡ Gold work.

§ Flame.

|| Before.

¶ Slightly.

** Knowledge.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aort,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report ;
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning* sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance !

* * * *

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went ;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might ;
Methought the day was turned into night.

* Match.

ANNE BOLEYN,
SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.⁽¹⁴⁾
BORN 1507. DIED 1536.

A DIRGE.

I.

DEFILED is my name full sore,
Through cruel spyte and false report,
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell, my joy! adewe, comfort!
For wrongfully ye judge of me,
Unto my fame a mortall wounde,
Say what ye lyst, it will not be,
Ye seek for that cannot be found.

II.

O Death! rocke me on sleepe,
Bring me on quiet reste;
Let passe my verye guiltless goste
Out of my carefull brest;
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the sounde my dethe tell,
For I must dye,
There is no remedye,
For now I dye.

My paynes who can express !
Alas ! they are so stronge,
My dolor will not suffer strength,
My lyfe for to prolonge ;
Toll on the passinge bell, &c.

Alone in prison stronge,
I wayle my destenye ;
Wo worth this cruel hap that I
Should taste this miserye.
Toll on the passinge bell, &c.

Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcum my present payne ;
I fele my torments so increse,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rong is my dolefull knell,
For the sound my deth doth tell,
Death doth draw nye,
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye.*

*Hawkins' Hist. of Music, vol. iii., p. 32.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Born 1542. Died 1587.

PRAYER.

I trust, O my Father God, always in thee!

O look on me, Jesus, and liberate me!

In prison reclining,

In deep sorrow pining,

I want only thee;

I languish

In anguish,

I bow before thee;

Adoring,

Imploring,

That I may be free.

PRAYER. — *Original.*

O Domine Deus! speravi in te;

O'care mi Jesu, nunc libera me;

In durâ catenâ,

In miserâ pœnâ,

Desidero te;

Sanguendo,

Gemendo,

Et genuflectendo;

Adoro,

Imploro,

Ut liberer me!

Paraphrased by Mr. SERRARD, who has annexed to the original a plaintive air, by Dr. Harrington, of Bath :

In this last solemn and tremendous hour,
 My Lord! my Saviour! I invoke thy power;
 In the sad pangs of anguish and of death,
 Receive, O Lord, thy suppliant's parting breath;
 Before thy hallowed cross she prostrate lies,
 O, hear her prayer! commiserate her sighs!
 Extend the arms of mercy and of love,
 And bear her to thy peaceful realms above.

LAMENT OF THE QUEEN.

[*Written during her confinement in Fotheringhay Castle.*]

ALAS, what am I? and in what estate?

A wretched corse, bereaved of its heart;

An empty shadow, lost, unfortunate,

To die is now in life my only part.

Foes to my greatness! let your envy rest;

In me no taste for grandeur now is found;

Consumed by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,

Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.

And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,

Bethink you, that when health and heart are fled,

And ev'ry hope of future good is dead,

'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here;

And that this punishment on earth is given,

That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in heaven.

LADY JANE GREY.

BORN 1537. DIED 1554.

Lines in Latin, inscribed with a pin upon her prison wall.

THINK not, O mortal, vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free ;
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drank by thee.

CHARLES THE FIRST.*

BORN 1600. DIED 1649.

GREAT monarch of the world, from whose power
springs

The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

* These verses are found in the 'Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton,' p. 370. It may also be found in 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, vol. ii., a work kindly loaned us by Wendell Phillips. Burnet says, 'he had it from a gentleman, who waited on the king when it was written, and copied it out from the original.' It is there entitled, MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS. We find it also in Mr. Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, vol. i. 'The poetry is uncouth and unharmonious, but there are strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety.' Hume says of the stanzas, that 'the truth of the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression, renders them very pathetic.' See Hume's History, 1763, 4to, vol. v. pp. 436, 442. It is said to have been written by Charles in Carisbrook Castle, in 1643. They are almost the only verses known of his composition, though it is supposed he wrote a little Poem 'ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE,' printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763, vol. viii., which was a reprint published by Nahum Tate, called 'Miscellanea Sacra, or 'Poems on Divine and Moral Subjects.'

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
 (The only root of righteous royalty)
 With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
 The holy unction, and the royal globe :
 Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
 Upon my grief, my gray, discrowned head,
 Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it ~~THE~~ CAUSE,
 While sacrilegious hands have best applause.
 Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
 Revenge and robbery are reformation,
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration :

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
 Attend me, (by the law of God and reason,)
 They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
 Pious episcopacy must go down,
 They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
 Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed,
 The crown is crucified with the creed.

The church of England doth all factions foster,
 The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

The Presbyter and Independent feed
 Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed
 Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier:
 With such a bloody method and behaviour
 Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
 So many princes legally have come,
 Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
 Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
 Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
 In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd:
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
 My people's ears, such as do reason want,
 And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
 To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
 If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
I fear they 'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the stats.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die ;
'T is death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed ?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH AND STATE.

FREDERIC THE SECOND,

KING OF PRUSSIA.*

BORN 1712. DIED 1786.

C'est toi, fortune inconstante,
Fausse divinité ;
Qui pour remplir notre attente,
Charme notre vanité.
Menteuse dans tes promesses,
Injuste dans tes revers,
Il n'y a jour qui ne finisse
Sans nous montrer ton caprice
Par mille tours divers.
Par le temps et la patience
On oblient une bonne conscience :
Si vous voulez savoir qui écrit cela,
Le nom de Kott vous apprendra,
Toujours content en espérance.

*These verses were found written on the window of his prison, which are not recorded here for their merit, but for the purpose of showing the contented and resigned mind of the writer. — *Lettre D'ovna*, 2 vols. Vol. I., p. 118. London, 1833.

TRANSLATION.

It is thou, inconstant Fortune, false divinity, who, in order to fulfil our hopes, charms our vanity. False in thy promises, unjust in thy reverses, there is no day which ends without showing us thy caprice in a thousand different ways. By time and patience a good conscience is forgotten. If you wish to know who wrote this, the name of Kott will inform you, always content in hope.

PART III.
STATE PRISONERS.

POEMS BY C— M—,
OF MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.⁽²⁵⁾

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

OFT have I paced this lonely cell,
With care-worn brow and heaving breast,
And vainly seeking for some spell
To lull this troubled heart to rest ;
I've searched each nook in memory's store, —
Have trac'd my course from infancy, —
And call'd up friends who are no more,
Who lov'd me well, when I was free.

I've thought to shun that chilling blast,
That swept my early hopes away,
And from the shadow of the Past
Have tried to glean a cheering ray ;

I've loitered long on childhood's years,
When kindly friends encircled me,
Supplied my wants dried up my tears, —
Then I was happy, — I was free.

But weary thought returns again,
And then reality appears;
It only adds to error's chain
Those links that have been hid for years;
I cannot hide those guilty stains,
I cannot shun my misery;
Of all my friends not one remains,
'T is vain to think I e'er was free.

My wife, my partner of the past,
Who vowed before the holy shrine,
As long as life's brief course should last,
To link her earthly lot with mine —
They say she has annulled that vow,
And ta'en my babes away from me;
And even she forgets me now,
Who loved so well when I was free.

My friends, — they left me one by one,
Like ruthless leaves when summer's past,
That leave the stem they rested on
Alone to bear the winter's blast;
And I alone my grief endure,
E'en pity has no tear for me;
And, if she had, 't would not restore
Departed days, when I was free.

Yet Hope! still faithful to the last,
*(The pris'ner sees her glittering rays,
 Like gems into his dungeon cast.)*
 She bids me look for better days.
 And then experience points a course,
 And from temptation bids me flee,
 And bids me join this Temperance force,—
 The TEMP'RANCE PLEDGE will keep me free.

'T was Alcohol, deceitful fiend!
 That lured me with its essence sweet;
 I only knew him as a friend,
 I had not seen his cloven feet;
 But now, the scales are from my eyes,
 His hideous form too plain I see,
 To trust again, whate'er his guise;
 I'll spurn his path when I am free.

There may be some who think me gay,
 And deem I need not pity's tear,—
 Mirth is but feigned, to hide away
 The sorrow that is lurking here.
 And ah! they know not with what power
 The pris'ner feels adversity,
 When at lone midnight's sleepless hour
 He thinks on days when he was free.

Oh! Reader, may you never feel
 Those pangs that sting a guilty breast,
 The throbbing wound that cannot heal,
 The troubled mind that cannot rest;

Such sorrows that no tongue can tell,
 Of want, and woe, and misery,
 The pris'ner feels in his lone cell,
 With heart that's panting to be free.

* * * *

These fettered limbs had parent's care,
 Who showed the path of rectitude,
 And taught these lips to lisp a prayer,
 And ask of Heav'n my daily food ;
 To God my Father I will go,
 And daily bow the humble knee ;
 And seek his aid to heal my woe,
 To keep me now, and when I'm free.

And if these erring feet should tread
 Once more upon this world's broad stage,
 I'll strive to earn my daily bread
 From precepts in the sacred page ;
 I'll strive to do by other men
 As I would they should do by me ;
 And God will make me happy then,
 And from a prison keep me free.

BLIND GIRL.

TOGETHER through the flowery fields,
 One pleasant summer's day,
 With cautious steps, two children trod
 The smooth yet tiresome way.

The elder was a lovely boy,
Of meek and heavenly mind ;
The little girl was lovely too,
But she, alas ! was blind.

He 'd tell her how the sun by day,
And little stars by night,
Peeped thro' soft clouds to gild the earth
With beams of brilliant light.

And then he 'd cull wild flowers, and weave
A chaplet for her hair,
And strive to make her understand
How beautiful they were.

Soon as her feeble limbs were tired,
He led her from the glade, —
And strewed with moss an easy seat
Beneath the green tree's shade.

Then side by side they sat them down,
And happy seemed to be ;
And listened to the song-bird's strain
Of joyous melody.

'Tell me, dear brother ! tell me if
Yon happy bird that sings
Is beautiful ; say, is he plumed
With gold or azure wings ?'

'Yes, dearest, he seems beautiful,
And plumed with hues most rare ;
And, proudly perch'd upon yon bough,
He 's swinging in the air.'

But, as he spake, her bosom heav'd ;
He mark'd the deep-drawn sigh,
And saw the tear-drop on her cheek
Fall from her sightless eye.

The truth, with all its gathering force,
Had crossed her troubled mind,
And words came trembling from her lips,
' Shall I be always blind ?

'I know that I can feel and hear,
As you and mother say,
And many things enjoy, — but shall
I ne'er behold the day ?

'You tell me of the little birds,
And green leaves on the tree,
And skies serene and beautiful,
But, shall I never see ?'

She clasped her arms around his neck,
And kiss'd him o'er and o'er,
And said, ' Could I but see thy face,
I would not sorrow more.'

He tried to soothe with loving words,
And bid her never mind ;
That he and mother loved as well
As if she were not blind.

He told her of a brighter world,
Up in the soft blue air ;
And mother said if they were good
They 'd see each other there.

Soon after this, the little girl
Grew sick, and pale, and weak ;
Her brother still kept by her side,
Still kissed her pallid cheek.

He 'd kneel beside her little bed,
And earnest pray to heaven,
That if so pure a soul had sins,
That they might be forgiven.

She whispered these last moving words,
' Oh, do not weep for me !
I 'm going to that brighter world
I soon, I soon shall see.'

THE PRISONER AT MIDNIGHT.

At the lone hour of night, in his iron-bound cell,
When the peaceful in slumber are hush'd,
He looks back on life to the spot where he fell,
And mourns o'er those joys that are crushed, —

O'er friendships withdrawn, o'er beloved ones estranged,
For he once had beloved ones like thee ;
But the cup of his bliss to sorrow is changed,
And his pleasure to deep misery.

I knew him in childhood, in boyhood, in youth,
Ere his heart knew of sorrow or guile,
When the words from his lips were regarded as truth,
And his face wore an innocent smile.

I have known when his hopes in the future looked
bright,
When a father was proud of his son,
When a mother's fond eye beamed with anxious delight,
As she viewed the first prize he had won.

I was present the while at the altar he stood,
With the fair one he lov'd by his side ;
Oh how fondly he gaz'd on the one he had woo'd,
As she tendered her hand as his bride !

And I know that his heart had affection's pure flame,
Yes, the warm flow of feeling was there,
And I know that e'en now, since the bitterness came,
'T is that same one his heart holds most dear.

I knew him a father, when he cheerfully smiled
On the loved one that clung to his knee,
And he thought, while caressing his beautiful child,
There was no one more happy than he.

But ah! the destroyer soon lured him away,
And those happy endearments are gone,
And the victim is doomed in a prison to lay,
There unheeded to sorrow alone.

I saw the sad change hovering over his fate,
When chill poverty entered his door,
When creditors came too impatient to wait,
It grieved him to feel he was poor.

Then I saw the dark shadow o'ermantling his brow,
As if telling the struggle within,
For the dear ones he loved looked cold on him now,
And the eyes that once shone were now dim.

I have followed him still to his gloomy abode,
When his heart-strings with anguish were press'd,
I have been near his pillow when the tear-drops have
flow'd
From the fountain of grief in his breast.

I have heard the deep sigh! the lone prisoner's sigh!
When the soul struggles hard with despair —
And ah! I have heard, when no one was nigh,
The contrite petitioner's prayer.

THE MOONBEAM.

One night as I lay on my pallet of straw,
And gazed through my dungeon's dark gloom,
Methought as I gazed some fair vision I saw, —
'T was a moonbeam had entered my room.

It was but a moonbeam, tho' strange to my sight,
As a comet that seldom appears ;
I knew of bright orbs that illumine the night,
Yet I had not beheld them for years.

It was but a speck, and it soon was away,
Still it cheered me as onward it moved,
To think, by some chance, perhaps this simple ray
Might smile on some one that I loved.

I welcomed the stranger, I welcome it still,
I watch for its coming with glee ;
It reminds me of Him by whose generous will
It visits poor creatures like me.

PRISONER AND HIS MOUSE.

In my dreary abode, when the day had gone by,
I was left to myself, o'er misfortunes to brood,
When thou, little stranger, poor, hungry, and shy,
First crept thro' yon crevice, in search of some food ;
I pitied thy weakness ; it told me of mine,
And on whose kind will all our blessings depend ;
It taught me, tho' starving, I need not repine ;
And for teaching me this, I have own'd thee my
friend.

Some may call thee a poor, insignificant thing,
And deem thee unworthy one thought or regret ;
But, ah ! they don't know what strange sympathies
spring
When they hide from the heart what it cannot forget.

For thou wert my friend, when all others beside
Turned coldly away, with fear and distrust ;
Thou half seemed to love me, and learn to confide ;
And came to me daily, and shared in my crust.

But where art thou now, little visitor, where ?
I have looked for thee long, and would welcome
thee still ;
Tho' my portion is scant, I have something to spare,
And the little thou need'st I would give with good
will.

Oh where canst thou tarry, or what has befell, —
I 'm lonesome without thee, poor innocent one ;
Thy presence oft brightened my solitude's cell,
But since thou hast left me, 't is gloomy and lone.

PRISONER'S RESOLUTION.

FAR from home and all who love us,
Far from wives and children dear ;
None to cheer, but all reprove us,
We a chilling burden bear.

Why did we, when evil lured us,
Yield to sin? though strong its power,
Better far had right secured us
From the wrong of that sad hour.

Let us in the life before us
Aim to do whate'er is right ;
What more surely will restore us
Than to walk by virtue's light ?

Friends and kindred then will aid us,
Hope will lend her cheering rays,
All will love, and none upbraid us,
Heav'n will send us happier days.

TO MY SISTER.

For a time I am doomed midst strangers to wander,
Far, far from my home, and all who are dear,
Still fond recollection grows fonder and fonder ;
My heart is with thee, I know thine is here.

Yes, yes, dearest sister, I believe thee still kind,
I know thou 'rt the same, and ever wilt be ;
Tho' fortune frowns darkly, it cannot unbind
Or sever those ties that hold thee and me.

As a rock in the ocean, when waves dash around it,
Defies the fierce storm and the wild angry blast,
Thy love is as firm, as unchanged I have found it,
I know it will live and endure to the last.

There's forgiveness with thee when all others revile,
And turn from me coldly with looks of disdain,
Tho' the world may disown me, thou still hast a smile,
Will welcome me home and will cheer me again.

Thou art in my thoughts both morn, noon, and even',
I know though I'm absent 't is the same still with
thee,

And when thou presentest thy offering to heaven,
I know there's a prayer intended for me.

AN ACROSTIC.

MEN — the poor despised ones of our fallen race,
Are cooped within these gloomy granite towers ;
Summers and winters pass with creeping pace,
Seasons have no change — Spring time hath no
 flowers,

Autumn, once so loved, so balmy and serene,
Comes cheerless now to these poor, sorrowing eyes.
Heavenly orbits course their glittering paths unseen,
Unseen are those bright gems whose beauty fills the
 skies.

Sleepless nights and joyless days here go and come ;
Evenings or mornings bring no cheering ray ;
There 's no endearing welcome to a happy home ;
There 's nought to crown the labors of the day.
Stranger, — whoe'er thou be, or whatsoe'er thou art,
Sure thou with kindly words can pity show, —
'Twould bring a warmer feeling to the chilled heart,
And raise a hope where all is hopeless now.
These poor despised ones all have hearts like thee ;
Each one can feel the cheering power of love.
Perchance thou might with words of sympathy
Raise their stray thoughts to better things above.
If they have fallen in temptation's snare,
Still they have kindred claims which God has given ;
Oh ! lead them back with kindly words, and spare
No tones of love, but cheer them on to heaven.

PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.*

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
 Far from our happy home;
 I've left the land that gave me birth,
 In other lands to roam;
 And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
 And marked them on my brow —
 Yet still I've often thought of thee —
 I'm thinking of thee now.

* This poem breathes a tenderness and a love which few writers can portray. How affectionately does the prisoner allude to his mother! How much is expressed in that word! Even those who have not known a mother's care must respond to the melting term. Hard indeed must that heart be that can resist its influence. How endearing the connection! There is a holy, hallowing atmosphere thrown around the simple relation. How powerful is that influence when extending over our infant years, when it moulds the whole character! And when we leave her fostering care, and enter upon the stern duties of life, amidst its conflicts and temptations, how often are we reminded of her faithfulness! How often does her angel spirit breathe upon the soul, and lead it back to virtue and repentance! How admirably has this prisoner, in his lone cell, depicted the strength and fervency of a mother's love! Degraded by his vices, he still remembers the parental roof—the fond hour when the mother 'decked her darling boy.' How much is expressed in that line—

'And I love thee just the same, mother!'

Then, as he pours forth his prayer to his fond parent, he calls to mind that she may have left the trials of earth, and entered upon those scenes where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' The whole poem is rich in sentiment, and few can read it without the deepest emotions. To add to its interest, it has been set to music by a fellow prisoner; and we had the pleasure of hearing it sung by the author himself, with three others, in prison. We have received a copy, and placed it in the fourth part of our book, entitled 'Music of the Prison.' Since the poem was written, the author has been discharged from prison.

PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER. 169

I'm thinking of those days, mother,
When, with such earnest pride,
You watched the dawns of my youth,
And pressed me to your side ;
Then love had filled my trusting heart
With hopes of future joy,
And thy bright fancy honors wove
To deck thy 'darling boy.'

I'm thinking on the day, mother,
I left thy watchful care,
When thy fond heart was lifted up
To heaven ; thy trust was there ;
And memory brings thy parting words,
When tears fell o'er thy cheek ;
But thy last, loving, anxious look,
Told more than words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No kindred near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow ;
The dearest ties affection wove
Are all now torn from me ;
They left me when the trouble came,
They did not love like thee.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay —
The tempter, with his baneful cup,
Has dashed them all away ;

And shame has left its venom'd sting,
To rack with anguish wild !
'T would break thy tender heart to know
The sorrows of thy child.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,
With inward grief oppress'd ;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distress'd ;
I know thou would'st not chide, mother,
Thou would'st not give me pain,
But cheer me with thy softest words,
And bid me hope again.

I know thy tender heart, mother,
Still beats as warm for me
As when I left thee, long ago,
To cross the broad blue sea ; —
And I love thee just the same, mother,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel once more thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah ! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast, —
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest ;
And as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in mine ear
A voice that speaks of heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there.

POEM BY WILLIAM B—,
OF MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

A VOICE FROM PRISON.*

The thunder of cannon — the pealing of bells —
The waving of banners — the pleasure-tuned
voices —

The billow-like music that around us swells,
Proclaim that the heart of the nation rejoices.

* * * * *

By the spirit of freedom, of truth and of love,
Vast plans of philanthropy spring into birth ;
To send the cross-banner, the peace-bearing dove,
On missions of mercy all over the earth —
To scatter the leaves of the healing-tree wide —
To stay the career of unhallowed emotion —
The wigwam to cheer on the lone mountain-side —
The sailor to bless 'mid the storms of the ocean —

* This poem was written by a prisoner, and recited by him at a celebration in the prison, on our National Independence. 1845. There is an organization in the prison, got up under the excellent administration of Hon. Frederick Robinson, the warden. It is called 'The Massachusetts State Prison Society, for Moral Improvement and Mutual Aid.' The prisoners have their own choice about joining. A more particular account of the society may be found in note XV. at the end of the work.

* * * * *

But stay! for the friend of the pris'ner appears!
 The warm hand of sympathy raises him up,
 (With love's silken mantle assuaging his tears,)
 And points out the pathway of VIRTUE and HONOR;
 Then, feeling the chords of sweet brotherhood thrill,
 He bursts from the bonds that to misery bound him;
 The glad smile of peace, and the voice of good-will,
 Are scattered like sunlight and melody round him.

He, freely receiving, as freely imparts,
 At each opportunity, solace to grief;
 He knows the deep anguish of sorrow-crushed
 hearts;
 He knows, too, the balm that brings speedy relief;
 When every prisoner's bosom shall glow
 With a love-kindled flame of regard for each
 other;
 The sweetest endearments of *home* we shall know,
 And every man be a friend and a brother.

When Time, in his rapid, unceasing career,
 Has filled up the measure stern Law must demand;
 And brought to the captive the Jubilee year,
 He issues, (still guided by Mercy's pure hand,)
 He goes, with his feelings all chastened by love,
 To mourn over actions committed in blindness —
 Goes forth to exhibit, to feel and to prove,
 The soul-healing power that accompanies kindness.

POEMS BY _____.

WRITTEN FOR THE LADIES' FAIR, HELD IN BOSTON,
IN AID OF THE PRISONER, MAY 1, 1847.*

To strains of gay music, enchantingly sweet,
With 'raptured delight have I listened;
When harmony seemed at a centre to meet,
And echo endeavored the notes to repeat,
And bright were the tear-drops that glistened.

But sweeter the music that thrilled through my breast,
When I heard the 'glad tidings' imparted,
That hands, (long extended to aid the distress'd,)
By *woman* were now to be succored and bless'd—
By *woman*, the true and kind-hearted.

It seems to have been the Creator's design,
That man, in discharge of his duty,
Should toil at the quarry, the forest, the mine,
Till woman advanced in her sweetness divine,
Bestowing perfection and beauty.

* The fair was held of, by mere chance, in the Massachusetts state prison, and the author felt moved to send these two poems, accompanied with a polite note, in which he says, 'For long years no item of news has kindled such feelings in my bosom; and here, in my loneliness, I find it impossible to dismiss the subject from my mind. * * * Please accept the lines as an expression of the feelings of a large number of men here.'

For when you proud granite* man's wisdom defied,
 And the object seemed baffled, defeated ;
 The ladies came forth, with true feminine pride,
 And labored their husbands and brothers beside,
 And Bunker's tall shaft was completed.

Now, onward ! ye friends of the prisoner, on !
 The structure ye rear shall not perish ;
 Oh ! cease not your toil till the very last stone
 Has reached its position that structure upon,
 And crowned the fond hopes ye now cherish.

Ye sisters of charity ! daughters of love !
 Whose toils to the captive are given,
 Earth's labor and care unrequited may prove,
 But soon shall the Saviour translate you above,
 To engage in the worship of heaven.

GOOD TIME COMING.

'THERE 's a good time coming, boys — a good time
 coming ;'

For now we hail the vision light,
 That ushers in the rising light
 Of the good time coming.
 Its blessings shall be free to all,
 The aged and the younger,
 The free, the bond, the great, the small :
 'Wait a little longer.'

* Vide History of Bunker Hill Monument.

'There's a good time coming, boys — a good time coming,'

And even now the *prison-cell*
Is vocal with the notes that tell
Of the good time coming.

Bolts and bars may vice restrain,
But Love, with motives stronger,
Within her heart begins her reign:
'Wait a little longer.'

'There's a good time coming, boys — a good time coming,'

And no man will be found to urge
The rack, the gallows, or the scourge,
In the good time coming.

Reform! the cheering word, reform,
Bids Virtue's nerves grow stronger,
And breaks the force of Passion's storm:
'Wait a little longer.'

'There's a good time coming, boys — a good time coming,'

For Justice, once so stern and dread,
Becoming mild, shall *MERCY* wed,
In the good time coming.

The laws applied by Mercy's hands
Shall act with force the stronger,
For Justice no revenge demands:
'Wait a little longer.'

'There's a good time coming, boys — a good time coming.'

The gospel lamp, by candor trimmed,
Shall burn with brightness unbedimmed,

In the good time coming.

Vice and crime shall be abhorred,

But PITY, being stronger,

Shall draw their victims by her cord :

'Wait a little longer.'

A good time, Prisoners — a good time is coming ;

Though true, and firm, and wise our friends,

Yet on our humble selves depends

The good times coming.

Then let us all 'act well our parts,'

And give them faith the stronger,

And cheer their sympathizing hearts ; and —

'Wait a little longer.'

POEMS BY JOHN QUINER, OF BEVERLY, (19)
FORMERLY OF MASSACHUSETTS STATE PRISON.

THE CAPTIVE MANIAC.

It is the depth of night, and all
Is silence deep and gloom profound ;
There is no light, nor speech, nor sound,
Within the convict's dungeon wall.
Is there no restless sufferer there,
Whose groanings mark his deep despair ?
Hath slumber choked the eye of care
With universal pall ?

Oh ! many a mother's wretched son
Sleeps in that living sepulchre ;
And the damp, shrouding, midnight air
Hangs over many a waking one.
And though his outward sense be sealed,
His soul roams o'er a boundless field,
And hell is more than half revealed,
Where his dark fancies run.

No silence is too deep for thought,
No gloom too dark for the soul's eye ;
And many a web of fearful dye
At midnight in the heart is wrought.

Guilt hath no need of speech or light
To shake its prey with wild affright,
And hopeless misery's piercing sight
With quenchless glance is fraught.

There is a cry — what should it be ?
Or groan, or agonizing wail ;
Again — and with a louder swell —
It rends the night's black canopy.
It tells not of despair nor pain —
Speaks not of dungeon or of chain,
But echoes the glad ship-boy's strain,
Upon the bounding sea.

Hark! through the vaulted arch of stone,
Sounds that the free expanse of air
And the blue ocean-wave should bear
In their proud liberty alone,
With freedom's melody beguile
The maniac of his fitful smile,
And deck his prison's dreary pile
With scenes of gladness gone.

There was a time, there was a day,
When I that joyous shouting heard —
The real exultation shared
Of the rude sailor's roundelay.
When on the deck I musing stood,
And the receding mountains viewed,
And dreamed of all the flowers that strewed
My blissful future way.

I revelled then — the gorgeous scene
Of bright Italia's land was there,
And classic haunts, and relics rare,
With bright-eyed fair ones' forms between.
All that could charm the youthful breast,
All that was fair, and high, and blest,
By hope produced, by fancy dressed,
In that gay dream was seen.

I am awake — oh! where are fled
The golden paintings of that hour?
What blighting hand's tremendous power
Hath struck those living glories dead?
All gone! great Heaven! what now is here?
What sights of woe, what sounds of fear?
The maniac's shout, the bitter tear,
And a dark dungeon bed.

FAREWELL TO MY FLUTE.

Go! hide thee in the woods again,
From whence thou hast thy birth;
For thou hast sung the latest strain
Thou 'lt carol upon earth.

Go, hide thee in thy parent trunk,
And trim thy couch of death,
And there, in darksome silence sunk,
Sigh forth thy dying breath.

Thy dying breath? yet, no! oh, stay!
But slumber for a while,
Perhaps again may come the day
When I shall see thee smile.

Perhaps again may come the hour,
When, warbling as before,
With many a bright and blushing flower
Thou shalt be clustered o'er.

And in the grove, or on the sea,
Beneath the moon's sweet light,
Thou 'lt wake full many a strain for me,
To charm the lonely night.

To charm the listening ear of love,
Or friendship's kindred heart;
Or with the seraph's songs above,
To take thy tuneful part.

Perchance thou 'lt wake, when, distant
From friends, and joy and home,
A sad and lonely traveller,
Through foreign climes I roam;

When on the wild and wizard strand
Of some Peruvian shore,
Or on Arabia's burning sand,
Where song ne'er waked before.

Perchance thou 'lt never breathe again,
But, hushed in death, be mute ;
Then have I heard thy dying strain,
My sweetly-warbling flute.

If so, farewell ! and take with thee
My deep and fond regret,
To think the light thou shedst on me
Should all so darkly set.

TO THE MOON.

Stars glittering there as clear and fair
As when my life was new —
Sweet orb of night, thy gentle light
Is shrouded from my view.

A prison's gloom, and captive's doom,
Are now my desperate fate ;
Of all bereft, e'en thou hast left
My heart all desolate.

Fond memory strays around thy days,
When all my life was mirth —
When Friendship smiled, and Hope beguiled.
And made a heaven on earth.

ON SEEING A BIRD FLYING PAST MY
PRISON WINDOW.

GAY, fluttering warbler, stay thy flight,
And hover for a moment here ;
Or is the summer sky too bright
To let thee curb thy grand career ?
Thou stayest not, but hast wisely flown
From iron grates and walls of stone.

Ungrateful bird, whom in the hour
Of my unclouded infancy,
From thy unpitying tyrant's power
My hand with trembling joy set free —
Dost thou not know the voice which gave
Thee freedom when thou wert a slave ?

The world's corruption spreads amain,
When such as thou th' infection hast ;
Thou carest not for another's pain,
Nor load'st thy heart with kindness past ;
Thou only pay'st thy gratitude
Where former gifts can be renewed.

Farewell ! if, with the captive's woe,
The felon's dark revenge were mine,
I should in anger see thee go,
And wish a fate of misery thine ;
But no ! I would there were a spell
Of ceaseless joy in my farewell.

POEMS BY S — H — ,⁽⁷⁾

FORMERLY OF MT. PLEASANT PRISON, SING SING, N. Y.

TO MY SISTER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Thy birth-day, with the opening year,
Again is come, my sister dear ;
But oh ! it comes not, as of old,
With smiling friends, and bliss untold,
To smooth life's rugged way ;
It comes to tell of pleasures fled,
Of happy faces long since dead ;
Of kind companions, loved, adored,
Who gathered round our frugal board,
To cheer the passing day.

It comes to tell of seasons bright,
Which have not been improved aright —
Of fancied griefs, which, if compared,
Were joys, with those I've lately shared,
For such but few have felt ;
I hear it speak of hopes decayed,
Of man, confiding man, betrayed

By one who murmured at the breast
 To which thy own young lips were prest,
 And at the same lap knelt.

In one lone thought a joy I find,
 Which tends to soothe my troubled mind,
 Which triumphs o'er all minor grief,
 And in its store affords relief,
 Has balm for wounds like mine ;
 Though change in all things else appear,
 One heart there is that's still sincere ;
 And beats us fondly as in hours
 When home was strewn with childhood's flowers ;
 That heart — that heart is thine.

• * * * •

The star of hope begins to rise,
 And gild the long o'erclouded skies
 With brighter beams than they can know,
 Who have not felt a kindred woe,
 And wore the captive's link ;
 Before the year has run its race
 I'll hasten to thy fond embrace,
 And in a long — long, hallowed kiss,
 My full reality of bliss
 Again, as erst, I'll drink.

THE CONVICT TO HIS BIBLE.

HEAVEN'S best and dearest treasure,
 Record of the great I Am,
 Source of comfort, source of pleasure,
 Ever-flowing, healing balm.

Are we in affliction cradled?
 Thou canst make the bitter sweet,
 And by thy support enabled,
 Human ills we calmly meet.

• • • •
 Beacon light of man's salvation,
 Guardian of domestic bands!
 Purest fortress of our nation,
 Rock on which our freedom stands!

WASHINGTONIAN SONG.

TUNE—*Blue Bonnets.*

MARCH, march, brave Washingtonian,
 March to the conquest, the field is before ya,
 Strike, strike, the foe's not a puny one,
 Strike until Alcohol's hosts flee before you:
 Brothers will bless you,
 Sisters caress you,

All seem to be moved by a friendly emotion,
 To soothe my condition they all seem inclined,
 And serve to engender the warmest devotion,
 When viewed through the grate by which I'm
 confined.

O deem not my cell an asylum of sorrow —
 There's joy to be found in a region like this,
 So long as thy child from misfortune can borrow
 A lustre that lights up the future with bliss;
 My crimes are forgotten, my sins are forgiven,
 My hopes are all anchored where thine long have
 been,
 And, mother—fond mother—I'll meet thee in heav-
 en,
 When sweetly redeemed from this transitu scens.

HOLY AMBITION.

I'm somewhat ambitious, I own;
 If not, there were cause to repine;
 I ardently pant for a crown,
 That crown, if I will, may be mine;
 On wealth my affections are placed,
 I covet what others have gained,
 And anxious their pleasures to taste,
 I leave not a muscle unstrained.

But is it with wealth that decays,
I'd fain see my coffers o'erflow,
Or garlands of popular praise,
I seek to encircle my brow ?
I would not with warriors tread
Through rivers of warm, gushing gore,
O'er heaps of the mangled and dead,
For wreaths by the conqueror worn.

O no ! it's not these I desire ;
I aim at a loftier prize,
To holier things I aspire—
My treasure is hid in the skies ;
Eternity's splendors I seek,
A station adjoining its throne,
The joys of the humble and meek,
Whose martyrdom won them renown.

Vain fancy has never disclosed,
When lost in presumptuous flight,
Nor carnal ambition proposed
Enjoyments so lasting and bright ;
Fond youth, in its loveliest dreams,
Ne'er pictured so lovely a land,
Or compassed the glory which beams
Around its victorious band.

O were my ambition to sleep
Shut out from a region so fair,
My soul would eternally weep,
And writhe in the pangs of despair ;

All seem to be moved by a friendly emotion,
 To soothe my condition they all seem inclined,
 And serve to engender the warmest devotion,
 When viewed through the grate by which I'm
 confined.

O deem not my cell an asylum of sorrow —
 There 's joy to be found in a region like this,
 So long as thy child from misfortune can borrow
 A lustre that lights up the future with bliss ;
 My crimes are forgotten, my sins are forgiven,
 My hopes are all anchored where thine long have
 been,
 And, mother—fond mother—I'll meet thee in heav-
 en,
 When sweetly redeemed from this transitu scene.

HOLY AMBITION.

I 'm somewhat ambitious, I own ;
 If not, there were cause to repine ;
 I ardently pant for a crown,
 That crown, if I will, may be mine ;
 On wealth my affections are placed,
 I covet what others have gained,
 And anxious their pleasures to taste,
 I leave not a muscle unstrained.

POEM BY OBADIAH PARKER,¹⁸³⁸

FORMERLY OF MT. PLEASANT PRISON, SING SING, N. Y.

THE PRISONER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, ye green trees, ye soft meadows, adieu ;
Ye rocks, and ye mountains, I hasten from you ;
No more shall my eyes with your beauties be blest,
No more shall ye soothe my sad bosom to rest.

Ye birds, who so sweetly, on each verdant spray,
Now twitter your love and your troubles away,
Ah, what would I give in your pleasures to share,
To stray where I please, and to breathe the fresh air !

Ye fishes so nimble, that sport in the stream,
Revived by the warmth of the sun's cheering beam,
No more shall I witness your skill in the wave,
Debarred from all freedom on this side the grave.

No more shall I taste the pure breezes of morn,
Nor view the soft shadows steal over the lawn,
 n, moon, nor stars shall again bless my sight,
oom of a prison, a cold, cheerless night.

I'll wrestle while yet there is life,
Lest this be my last setting sun,
I'll tread the arena of strife,
Nor leave it till heaven is won.

Ten thousand celestial forms,
Who joyously closed their career,
Are urging me on through the storms,
And sweeping their harps in my ear ;
I cannot, I dare not, retreat,
Though demons and death whet the sword,
My Saviour their wrath shall defeat,
And I reap a victorious reward.

POEM BY OBADIAH PARKER,^{ca}

FORMERLY OF MT. PLEASANT PRISON, SING SING, N. Y.

THE PRISONER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, ye green trees, ye soft meadows, adieu ;
Ye rocks, and ye mountains, I hasten from you ;
No more shall my eyes with your beauties be blest,
No more shall ye soothe my sad bosom to rest.

Ye birds, who so sweetly, on each verdant spray,
Now twitter your love and your troubles away,
Ah, what would I give in your pleasures to share,
To stray where I please, and to breathe the fresh air !

Ye fishes so nimble, that sport in the stream,
Revived by the warmth of the sun's cheering beam,
No more shall I witness your skill in the wave,
Debarred from all freedom on this side the grave.

No more shall I taste the pure breezes of morn,
Nor view the soft shadows steal over the lawn,
Nor sun, moon, nor stars shall again bless my sight,
The gloom of a prison, a cold, cheerless night.

Roll on, noble river, in grandeur and pride,
Waft the stores of thy country on every side,
Bring thy full share of wealth from the wide spread-
ing sea,
Though comfort and hope must be strangers to me.

O, horror! my misery never can cease,
Nor my bosom again know the solace of peace;
By the scorpions of justice now scourged from man-
kind,
I leave neither friendship nor pity behind.

With the goadings of guilt, in the depths of despair,
What words can the height of my anguish declare?
The just laws of my country have fixed my sad doom,
To be buried alive in the damp dungeon's tomb.

What is life without liberty, oft have I said,
To sweeten pale poverty's pittance of bread;
These chains and a prison extort a deep sigh,
My heart sinks within me — I languish to die.

Farewell to my friends, now unwilling to own
That such a vile outcast they ever have known,
Oh, that pang! but 't was due to my children and
wife,
O pity and pardon a prisoner for life.

POEM BY W— G—, (18)
FORMERLY OF MT. PLEASANT PRISON, SING SING, N. Y.

THE WISDOM OF INSTINCT.

A WITH'RING rose beside me hung,
Whose petals hid a lab'ring bee,
That briskly toil'd and sweetly sung,
Yet all unseen, unheard by me.
The fruit of many hours of toil
Bore heavy 'neath her wearied wing;
I little thought my hand could spoil
The peace of such a gentle thing;
In cruel haste the leaves were snatched away—
The bee, alas! became my mangled prey.

I felt her struggle, heard her moan,
And quickly set my captive free;
Her piteous look and plaintive tone,
Oh, what reproofs were they for me!
Her nectar stores were all despoil'd;
She sang no more in cheerful glee;
Her light, transparent wings were soil'd;
Her airy form bruised wantonly;
In silence there she took a mild survey
O'er her lost sweets so rudely swept away.

She quickly saw the full extent
Of her sad loss, then raised her eyes
To mark the sun, that downward went,
In his bright pathway through the skies.
No breath of time was vainly spent
In dull regrets o'er sorrows past ;
She seem'd to know each tith was lent,
Each golden hour was flitting fast ;
Forgetting all, she smoothed her wings with care,
Then darted, humming, through the fragrant air.

The wisdom of that little bee,
How clear it shone in her dark hour !
How mighty that philosophy
O'er which misfortune hath no power !
She lay within the very hand
That roughly crushed her fragile form,
Yet stung it not — a lesson grand
For me, the sport of passion's storm ;
She taught me, too, how she could proudly rise,
Through darkest clouds to Hope's serenest skies.

POEM BY C. R. S. BOYINGTON.

THE CONDEMNED.

I love the glittering scenes of life—
The world's gay revelry!
Though brief have been my youthful days,
They still are dear to me;
I love to gaze on beauty's smile,
And kiss her tears away;
I love to hear the soft-breathed words
Of thrilling poesy.

'Old nature's wild-wood loveliness,'
The forest, hill, and dell,
Are all too dear, without a sigh,
To breathe a last farewell.
And still, with rapture I behold
Creations wonders, where
Each star stands glimmering in its sphere,
Like islands of the air.

I love to pause and listen to
The murmuring of the sea,
The sighing breeze, the wood-bird's note,
All nature's minstrelsy.
And 'mid the haunts of early days
Doth memory fondly dwell,
And paint, with varied colors bright,
Each scene once known so well.

Methinks that now the merry laugh
Of school-mates I can hear ;
Each friendly voice of memory seems
Still ringing in my ear.
E'en now I see each maiden's blush,
Each smile of artless joy,
Each feature that I gazed upon,
A happy, thoughtless boy.

And ah ! how true remembrance paints
One dear-loved object there —
The bright blue eye, the lily cheek,
The rose-bud in her hair.
(Be still, my heart — remembrance soon
Will sketch less faithfully,
And death thy thrilling tumult hush
Through all eternity.)

But, oh ! most sadly dear is still
My mother's parting sigh,
Her last fond kiss, her soft embrace,
The bright tear in her eye ;

And e'er till death will on my mind
Her words prophetic dwell —
'We may not meet again, my boy;
God bless thee — fare thee well!'

Yet, though my mind calls up the past
To cheer the future view,
Soon must the world, the loved of life,
Receive my last adieu;
The fearful words have been pronounced,
That seal my earthly doom,
And with the Spring's first flower will fade
My form within the tomb.

Before the destined day arrives,
The anxious world shall see
One effort for my distant friends —
One for my memory.
If I succeed, then can I say,
With cheerful ecstasy,
'O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave!
Where is thy victory?'

*Mobile City Prison, }
January, 1835. }*

POEM BY _____, 63

FORMERLY OF REDON ISLAND STATE PRISON.

MY MOTHER.

My woes here would be light, mother,
Were it not for thee;
My sad pathway as bright, mother,
As though I were free.

For I know thy fond heart, mother,
Is tossed like the sea;
While affliction's dread dart, mother,
Is levelled at me.

Oft, oft, in my lone cell, mother,
The tear drops for thee,
For thou deservest well, mother,
Remembrance from me.

The world's filled with woe, mother,
With sorrow and gloom;
And tears will oft o'erflow, mother,
Our path to the tomb

But why, why weep thou more, mother,
In sorrow for me ?
The clouds will pass o'er, mother,
And bring peace to thee.

The prison doors will ope, mother,
To freedom and me ;
And the day-star of hope, mother,
Will dawn upon thee.

Though misfortune divide, mother,
My sweet home and me,
Yet what'er shall betide, mother,
I'll still think of thee.

December 7th, 1842.

THE OUTCAST.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

RESEARCH REPORT
NO. 100

BY
J. H. GOLDSTEIN
AND
M. L. HUGGINS

RECEIVED
MAY 15 1954

Nay, looked she forward with a mother's hope
To after years, when the enervate babe
Upon her knee a stalwart man should grow,
And on life's troubled ocean launch his barge.

* * * * *

And he, the guardian of my youth, whose locks
Are whiten'd with the frosts of three-score years —
Who rear'd me nobly, placed me where the sun
Of science shed abroad its radiant light,
Bade to worship, honor, and t' avoid
The snares that vice had thrown around the world,
And fitted me to shine amid the throng
Where intellectual worth is deemed a gem, —
How have his hopes been blasted by the wretch
Who dares no longer call him father — friend!

* * * * *

Come, sweet religion! bland-eyed goddess, come!
Cheer this sad bosom with thy loveliest smiles;
Inspire me with love, with strength divine,
That with thee I may tread that narrow road
Which leads to endless joy in realms above.
Pour out upon this all-polluted heart
The purifying streams of grace, and cleanse
Its inmost recess from the filth of sin.

* * * * *

Father of mercies! Thou Almighty One,
Who know'st my every thought, and word, and deed,

Turn thou an eye of favor on the worm
That writhes in pain beneath thy fearful frown ;
O, crush him not ! nor cast him off forever,
Though all too base to merit thy regard ;
But, for the sake of thy dear Son, vouchsafe
To save him from the woes of lasting death,
And make him meet thy holiness to share,
Beyond the grave, that heritage of bliss
Reserved for those who do thy holy will.
Let the affliction he is suffering now,
In thy good time be to him sanctified ;
And if it be thy holy will that, once again,
In freedom he shall mingle with the world,
Oh, may the sense of thy amazing love
To one so undeserving stir him up
To live to Thee alone, and nought to know
Beyond his Saviour, and him crucified.
Grant, thou Omniscient, grant my humble prayer ;
Be merciful to me, thy sadly erring child,
And to thy name be all the praise. Amen.

SONNET BY O'CONNOR.*

WHEN I look through my prison-bars, and see the
yellow leaf,
It seems an emblem of my fate, and fills my heart
with grief ;
But smiling Spring will come again, and in the forest
glade
Lovers will meet, and tell the tale beneath the lonely
shade.
I ask you, when you are at home, enjoying liberty,
That when you bow before your God, to cast a
thought on me.
O, Jennet, † dear, I little thought that this would be
my lot —
I fear I'll die a shameful death, and be by man
forgot.

* O'Connor was one of the anti-renters of New York. He was condemned to be hung, at twenty-six years of age, with Van Steenberg, in 1845. Strenuous efforts were made for a pardon, which were crowned with success. His poetry expresses much deep feeling. Whether, since his release, he has arrived at the consummation he so devoutly wished, we have not the means of knowing.

† *Jennet* is the name of the young woman to whom he expected to be married in a few months.

But should I meet so hard a fate, (my foes, I do for-
give them,)

We'll rise triumphant from the grave — we'll meet
again in heaven!

I wish you well in time, and better in eternity.

Yours, forever,

M. O'C.

PRISONER'S LAMENT.

BY H. GRIFFIN.*

SMALL he, ignobly, in a rope expire
Whose hand can wake to ecstasy the lyre?
Shall he be branded with the mob's harsh curse
Who oft hath pour'd the sweetly varied verse —
Whose manly muse, indignant of control,
Can wake such notes as harrow up the soul —
Or paint, with social sympathy imprest,
The rapt'rous anguish of a lover's breast?
Yes, say, shall one endowed with gifts like these —
Wit, sense, good-humor, elegance and ease —
For erring once, amidst the storms of strife,
Be rudely blotted from the Book of Life!

Though Justice, leaning from her seat sublime,
Demands a due atonement for each crime,
Yet doom me not to mingle with the dead,
With all my imperfections on my head;
Let me to earth's extremest verge be driven,
That penitence may smooth my way to heaven.
Ah! no; what solace can existence give
To one condemned in infamy to live;

* This criminal was executed at Newgate, February 13, 1793.
The lines were found in his cell after his decease. A friend in
England forwarded it for publication.

Who, scorned by others — of himself ashamed —
Is shunned, and spoke of only to be blamed?
When truth and virtue from the breast depart,
The clouds of sorrow gather round the heart;
And keen remorse, where'er we chance to stray,
Becomes the sole companion of our way.

Yet, though degraded to a state like this,
And reft of social and domestic bliss,
If doom'd to visit that opprobrious land
Where impious exiles form a desperate band,
Some sober scheme I'll studiously enforce,
And, self-repenting, tread in Virtue's course.
To Thee, great God, whose piercing eye can dart
Through the dark windings of the human heart
To Thee I pour my supplicating cries,
For Thou art yet as merciful as wise;
Oh! deign from Thy ethereal throne to hear
The invocation of a soul sincere;
And since Thy goodness has allowed me time
To see my error and repent my crime,
O grant an earnest of eternal day,
Nor cast thy prostrate penitent away.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

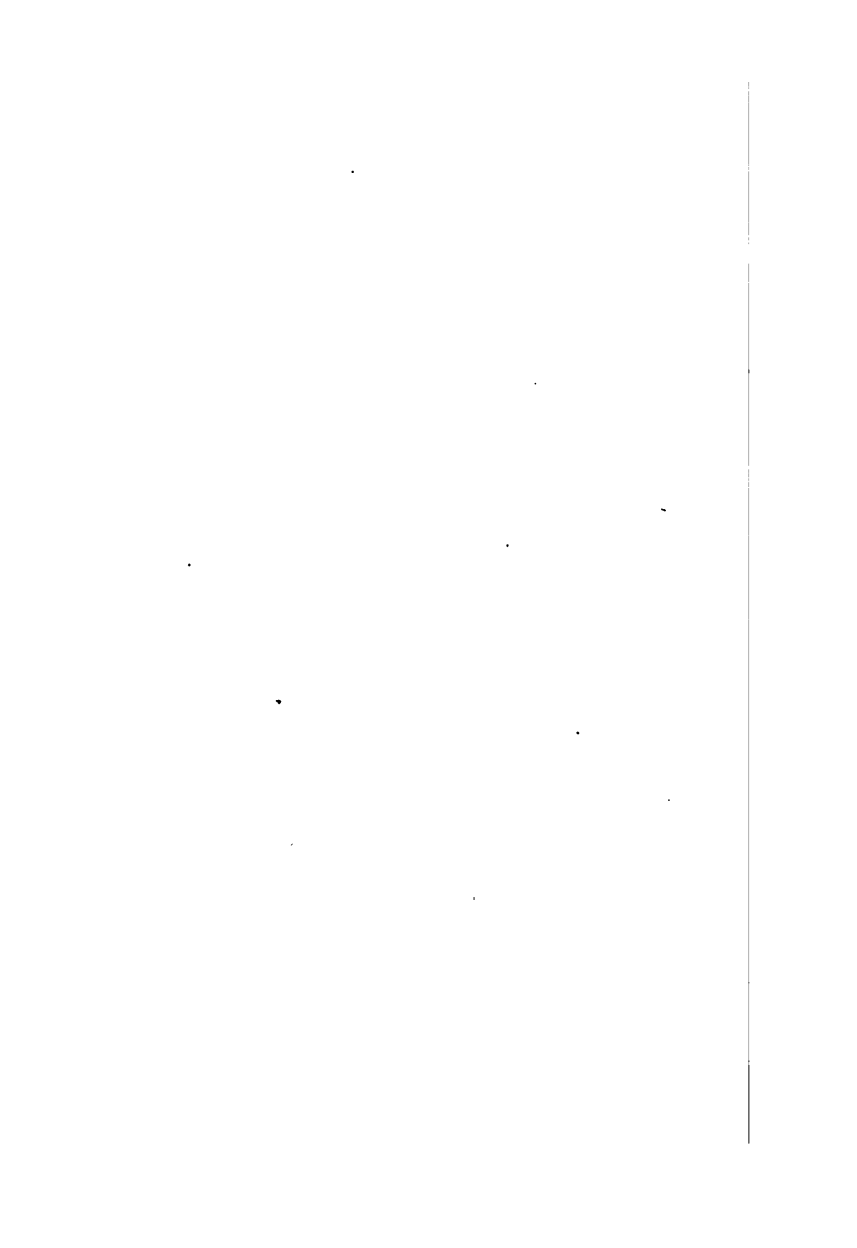
BY THOMAS STURTEVANT, JR.*

OUR Lord and King, who reigns enthroned on high!
FATHER of light! mysterious Deity!
WHO art the great I AM, the Last, the First,
ART righteous, holy, merciful and just,
IN realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN is the dwelling place of God our King,
HALLOWED thy name, which doth all names transcend,
BE thou adored, our great Almighty Friend.
THY glory shines beyond creation's space,
NAMED in the book of Justice and of Grace,
THY kingdom towers beyond the starry skies,
KINGDOMS satanic fall, but thine shall rise.
COME let thine empire, O thou Holy One,
THY great and everlasting will be done!
WILL God make known his will, his power display?
BE it the will of mortals to obey.
DONE is the great and wondrous work of love,
ON Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above,

* The author of this beautiful paraphrase was a soldier of the twenty-sixth regiment of United States infantry. He was a prisoner of war in Upper Canada. It does not, perhaps, exactly come within our plan, but it breathes such a devotional spirit, we felt that it should be preserved.

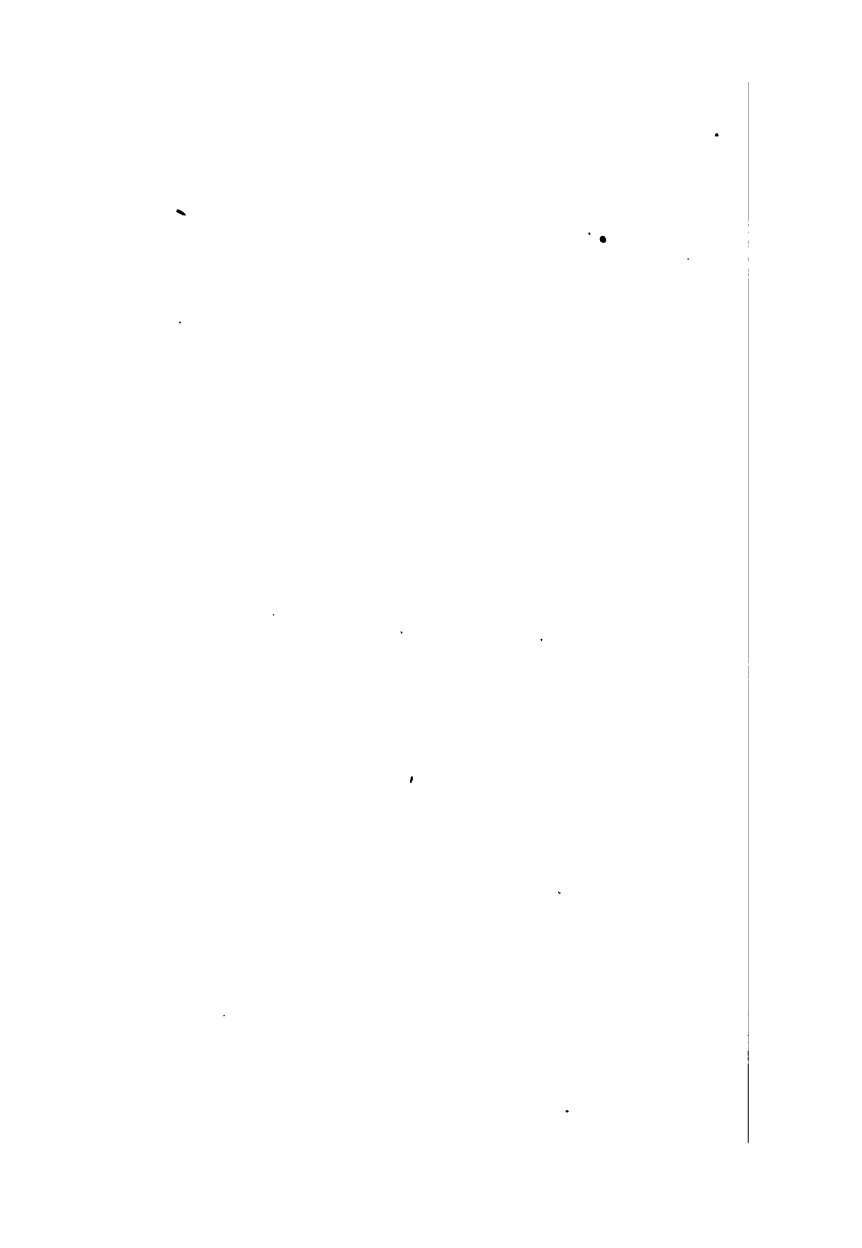
EARTH bears the record in thy holy Word,
As heaven adores thy name, let earth, O Lord.
It shines transcendant in the eternal skies,
Is praised in heaven, for man the Saviour dies.
In songs immortal angels laud his name,
HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.
GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
Us that food on which our souls may live!
THIS be our boon to-day and days to come,
DAY without end in our eternal home!
OUR needy souls supply from day to day,
DAILY assist and aid us when we pray.
BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, thy blessing lend,
AND make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
FORGIVE our sins, which in destructions place
We, the vile children of a rebel race;
OUR follies, faults and trespasses forgive,
DEBTS which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive.
As we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
WE beg thou 'dst blot out from thy memory's book
FORGIVE our enemies, extend our grace
OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
DEBTORS to thee in gratitude and love,
AND in that duty paid by saints above,
LEAD us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
Us from the tempter and his ways.
NOT in our own, but in his name who bled,
INTO thine ear we pour our every need.
TEMPTATION'S fatal charms help us to shun,
BUT may we conquer through thy conquering Son;

DELIVER us from all which can annoy
Us in this world and may our souls destroy ;
FROM all calamities which men betide —
EVIL and death — O turn our feet aside ;
FOR we are mortal worms and cleave to clay ;
THINE 't is to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not thy mercy, Lord, forever free ?
THE whole creation knows no God but thee ;
KINGDOM and empire in thy presence fall ;
THE King eternal reigns the king of all.
POWER is with thee — to thee be glory given,
AND be thy name adored by earth and heaven ;
THE praise of saints and angels is thine own ;
GLORY to thee, the Everlasting One,
FOREVER be thy holy name adored ;
AMEN, Hosanna ! blessed be the Lord !



PART IV.

MUSIC OF THE PRISON.



SONG OF THE CONVICT.

Words, by William; Music by James M. Bradley, two
Brothers: Prisoners;

Sung at the celebration of Thanksgiving in the Massachusetts State Prison, November 26th, 1846.

Allegro Vivace.

Phillippi's dark dungeons with anthems are

The first system of musical notation consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the first two in treble clef and the last in bass clef, all sharing the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics "Phillippi's dark dungeons with anthems are" are positioned below the vocal staff.

shaken, And notes of thanksgiving peal thro' the night

The second system of musical notation consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom three staves are piano accompaniment, with the first two in treble clef and the last in bass clef, all sharing the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics "shaken, And notes of thanksgiving peal thro' the night" are positioned below the vocal staff.

air; Oh! what can such joy in a *Pris-on* a-

The first system of musical notation consists of four staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are additional accompaniment parts. The lyrics are: "air; Oh! what can such joy in a *Pris-on* a-".

wak-on? The friends and the spirit of *Je-sus* are

The second system of musical notation also consists of four staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are additional accompaniment parts. The lyrics are: "wak-on? The friends and the spirit of *Je-sus* are".

there ; There, an-gel mer - cy paints, 'Mid

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second staff contains the vocal melody, starting with a piano (P) dynamic marking. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The third staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The lyrics are: "there ; There, an-gel mer - cy paints, 'Mid".

ri - - sing, ri - sing songs of saints, The

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second staff contains the vocal melody. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The third staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The fourth staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ri - - sing, ri - sing songs of saints, The".

rain-bow of *Hope* on the cloud of de-

This system consists of four staves. The top staff is empty. The second staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The third and fourth staves contain piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "rain-bow of *Hope* on the cloud of de-".

spar ; There, an - gel mer - cy paints, 'Mid

This system consists of four staves. The top staff contains piano accompaniment with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The third and fourth staves contain piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "spar ; There, an - gel mer - cy paints, 'Mid".

SONG OF THE CONVICT.

217

ris - ing, ris - ing songs of saints, The

rain-bow of *Hope* on the cloud of de-spair.

Phillippi's dark dungeons with anthems are shaken,

And notes of thanksgiving peal thro' the night air ;

O ! what can such joy in a *Prison* awaken ?

The friends and the spirit of Jesus are there ;

There angel mercy paints,

'Mid rising songs of saints,

The rainbow of *Hope* on the cloud of despair.

That spirit of love on the earth still abiding,

And soothing adversity, sorrow and pain,

Now visits the captive tho' weak and backsliding,

And raises the fallen to virtue again.

Yes ! here the gospel's light

Shall break thro' sorrow's night

And Satan bound souls be released from his chain.

O ! ye who have toiled in this vineyard neglected,

Our gratitude deep future life shall declare ;

Still call back the erring, still cheer the dejected,

And Heaven will prosper your labor and care.

Soon will the Saviour's voice

Make all your hearts rejoice—

"I was in prison, ye came to me there."

Great God ! in thy mercy accept our thanksgiving,

Cleanse, pardon, and guide us as onward we move :

And when we shall pass from the land of the living,

Receive us through Jesus to mansions above.

Tho' thus divided now,

Around thy throne to bow,

And join the loud anthems of wonder and love.

PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

Poetry by G. Meadows, Music by J. M. B.—
of Massachusetts State Prison.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef, and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of B-flat major (one flat) and 6/8 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The music begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The bass staff provides accompaniment with eighth notes and chords.

The second system continues the musical piece. It features two staves, treble and bass clef, in the same key and time signature. The melody in the treble staff continues with quarter notes D5, E5, and F5. The bass staff continues with eighth notes and chords, maintaining the accompaniment.

The third system concludes the piece. It features two staves, treble and bass clef, in the same key and time signature. The melody in the treble staff ends with a half note G5. The bass staff concludes with a final cadence, showing a G4-Bb4-D5 triad in the bass clef.

220 PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

I've wan - dered far from thee, moth - er, Far

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The middle staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff contains a more complex accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

from our hap - py home ; I've left the land that

The second system of musical notation also consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The middle staff contains a simple harmonic accompaniment. The bottom staff contains a more complex accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER. 221

gave me birth, In oth - er lands to roam, And

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and two piano accompaniment lines. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'gave me birth, In oth - er lands to roam, And' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is written in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The first measure of the piano part features a complex chordal texture with multiple notes in both hands.

Time, since then, has rolled his years, And marked them
[on my

[19*]

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and the lyrics 'Time, since then, has rolled his years, And marked them [on my'. The piano accompaniment continues in bass clef. The system concludes with a bracketed annotation '[19*]' centered below the piano part.

222 FENWATER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

brow—Yet still I've of- ten thought of thee,—I'm

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The left hand starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note B3, and finally a half note A3.

thinking of thee now. And Time, since then, has

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note A4. The left hand starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note B3, and finally a half note A3.

FRANCIS'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER. 223

rolled his years, And marked them on my brow—Yet

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody, starting with a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics "rolled his years, And marked them on my brow—Yet" are written below the first two measures. The middle staff shows the piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The bottom staff contains the piano accompaniment with a treble clef. The music is in a simple, homophonic style.

still I've of - ten tho't of thee.—I'm thinking

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody, with the lyrics "still I've of - ten tho't of thee.—I'm thinking" written below. The middle staff shows the piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The bottom staff contains the piano accompaniment with a treble clef. The music continues in the same style as the first system.

224 PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

of thee now.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, containing the lyrics "of thee now." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The music is in a simple, homophonic style.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, continuing the melody from the first system. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef. The music continues with a similar homophonic texture.

PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER. 225

I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from our happy home ;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other lands to roam ;
And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
And marked them on my brow—
Yet still I've often thought of thee,—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of those days, mother,
When, with such earnest pride,
You watched the dawns of my youth,
And pressed me to your side ;
And memory brings thy parting words,
When tears fell o'er thy cheek ;
But thy last, loving, anxious look,
Told more than words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No kindred near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow ;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are all now torn from me ;
They left me when the trouble came,
They did not *love* like thee.

I know thy tender heart, mother,
Still beats as warm for me,
As when I left thee, long ago,
To cross the broad blue sea ;—
And I love thee just the same, mother,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel once more thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah ! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,—
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest ;
And, as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in mine ear
A voice that speaks of Heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there. C. M.

"OFT AT MIDNIGHT'S SI- LENT HOUR;"

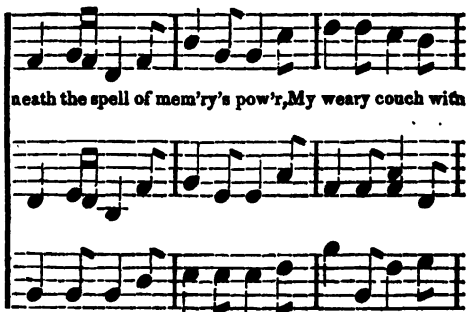
OR, THE PRISONER'S SIGH.

Words by _____, Music by James M. B _____,
of Massachusetts State Prison.

1. Oft at mid-night's si-lent hour, When

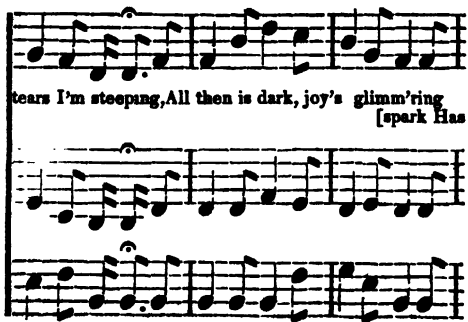
all a-round are calm-ly sleep-ing, Be-

OFF AT MIDNIGHT'S SILENT HOUR. 227



neath the spell of mem'ry's pow'r, My weary couch with

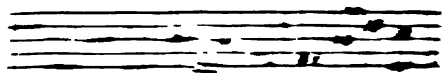
The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody, which begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are positioned between the first and second staves.



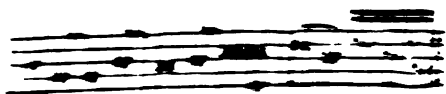
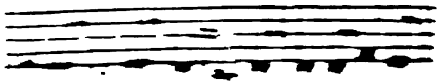
tears I'm steepang, All then is dark, joy's glimm'ring
[spark Has

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The vocal melody continues from the first system, with a fermata over the first note of the second measure. The accompaniment follows the same rhythmic structure. The lyrics are placed between the first and second staves, with the word 'steepang' appearing to be a typo for 'steeping'.

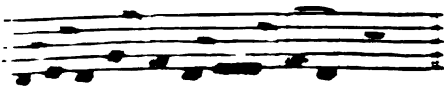
W. A. MOZART. SONATA. NO. 11. K. 30. 1782.



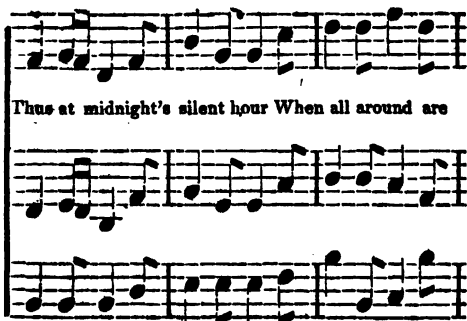
W. A. MOZART. SONATA. NO. 11. K. 30. 1782.



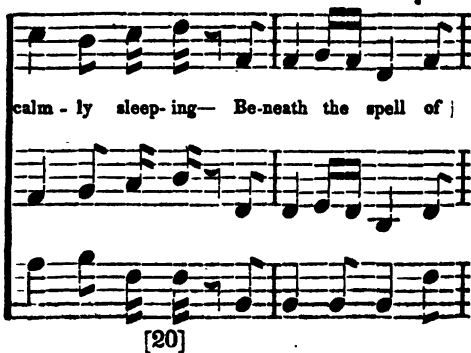
W. A. MOZART. SONATA. NO. 11. K. 30. 1782.



OFF AT MIDNIGHT'S SILENT HOUR. 229



Thus at midnight's silent hour When all around are



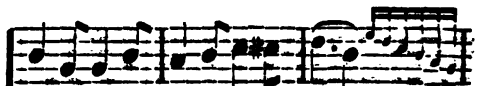
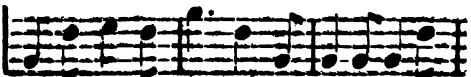
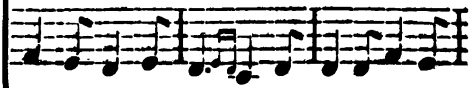
calm - ly sleep - ing— Be - neath the spell of |

[20]

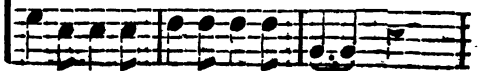
228 GUY AT MIDNIGHT'S GLEAMT HOUR.



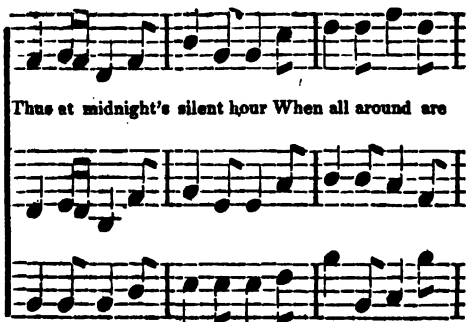
oem'd its fit - ful glow; The waning moon to



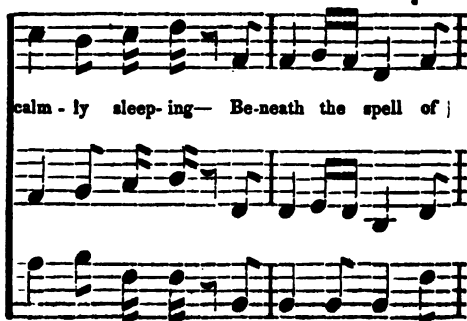
veil'd in gloom Upon a sea of woe;



OFF AT MIDNIGHT'S SILENT HOUR. 229



Thus at midnight's silent hour When all around are



calm - ly sleep - ing— Be - neath the spell of |

230 **OFF AT MIDNIGHT'S SILENT HOUR:**



Earth her flow'rs around me spread,
 And youth foretold a bright to-morrow—
 But ah! life's storms have laid them dead,
 And left my heart a scene of sorrow;
 And now unblest, cast down, oppress,
 My early hopes all thwarted,
 A ruin'd dome, I stand alone,
 The wreck of bliss departed;—
 Thus at midnight's hour of rest
 When all around are calmly reposing;
 The sighs that fill this heaving breast,
 Prevent my tearful eye from closing.

But when ocean's surges swell,
 And storms are o'er its bosom sweeping,
 The gentle stars that o'er it dwell,
 In beauty bright their watch are keeping;
 So Hope and Love, from heav'n above,
 Are beaming still around me,
 The cheering rays of other days,
 Ere sin's dark spell had bound me;—
 Thus at midnight's silent hour
 While all around are calmly sleeping,
 I'll trust in that celestial Pow'r
 Which o'er us all kind watch is keeping.

"O WHERE ARE HIS JOYS."

Words by Christian Meadows, Music by Jas. M. B—
of Massachusetts State Prison.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It begins with a treble clef and a 'Sva.' (Soprano) label. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The third and fourth staves are grand staves (treble and bass clefs) containing piano accompaniment. The music features a melody in the soprano voice and a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The second and third staves are grand staves (treble and bass clefs) containing piano accompaniment. The first line of the system includes the lyrics: "1. Oh, where are his joys, his bright sunny joys That". The music continues with a melody and piano accompaniment.

cheer'd in life's happier day! The sweet friendly voice

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff contains the vocal melody, which begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'cheer'd in life's happier day! The sweet friendly voice' are written below the first staff. The middle and bottom staves provide the piano accompaniment, with the bottom staff featuring a bass clef.

And the pride of his choice, And the dear ones he lov'd
[—Where

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'And the pride of his choice, And the dear ones he lov'd'. The middle staff continues the piano accompaniment. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics '[—Where' are positioned below the middle staff, with a slur over the word 'Where' in the vocal line above it.

O WHERE ARE HIS JOYS.

235

are they? Where are they? (*Echo pp.*) Where

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff contains a vocal line with a melodic phrase. The middle staff contains a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'are they? Where are they? (*Echo pp.*) Where' are positioned between the middle and bottom staves.

are they? (*Echo pp.*) The dear ones he lov'd, Where

[20*]

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal line. The middle staff continues the piano accompaniment. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'are they? (*Echo pp.*) The dear ones he lov'd, Where' are positioned between the middle and bottom staves. At the bottom of the system, there is a bracketed annotation '[20*]'.

224 PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

of thee now.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal line with a treble clef, showing the lyrics "of thee" and "now." with a slur over the notes. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef, featuring a series of chords and moving lines.

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the vocal line with a treble clef, showing a melodic line with various notes and rests. The lower staff continues the piano accompaniment with a bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a double bar line.

PRISONER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER. 225

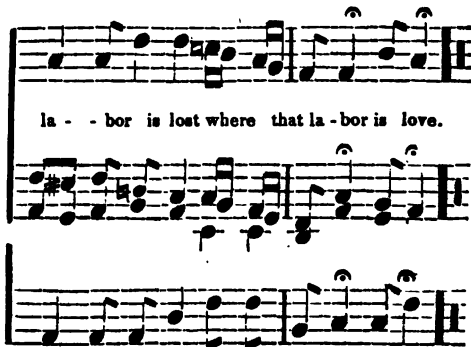
I've wandered far from thee, mother,
Far from our happy home ;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other lands to roam ;
And Time, since then, has rolled his years,
And marked them on my brow—
Yet still I've often thought of thee,—
I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of those days, mother,
When, with such earnest pride,
You watched the dawns of my youth,
And pressed me to your side ;
And memory brings thy paring words,
When tears fell o'er thy cheek ;
But thy last, loving, anxious look,
Told more than words could speak.

I'm far away from thee, mother,
No kindred near me now,
To soothe me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow ;
The dearest ties affection wove,
Are all now torn from me ;
They left me when the trouble came,
They did not *love* like thee.

I know thy tender heart, mother,
Still beats as warm for me,
As when I left thee, long ago,
To cross the broad blue sea ;—
And I love thee just the same, mother,
And long to hear thee speak,
And feel once more thy balmy breath
Upon my care-worn cheek.

But ah ! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast,—
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest ;
And, as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in mine ear
A voice that speaks of Heaven and thee,
And bids me seek thee there. C. M.

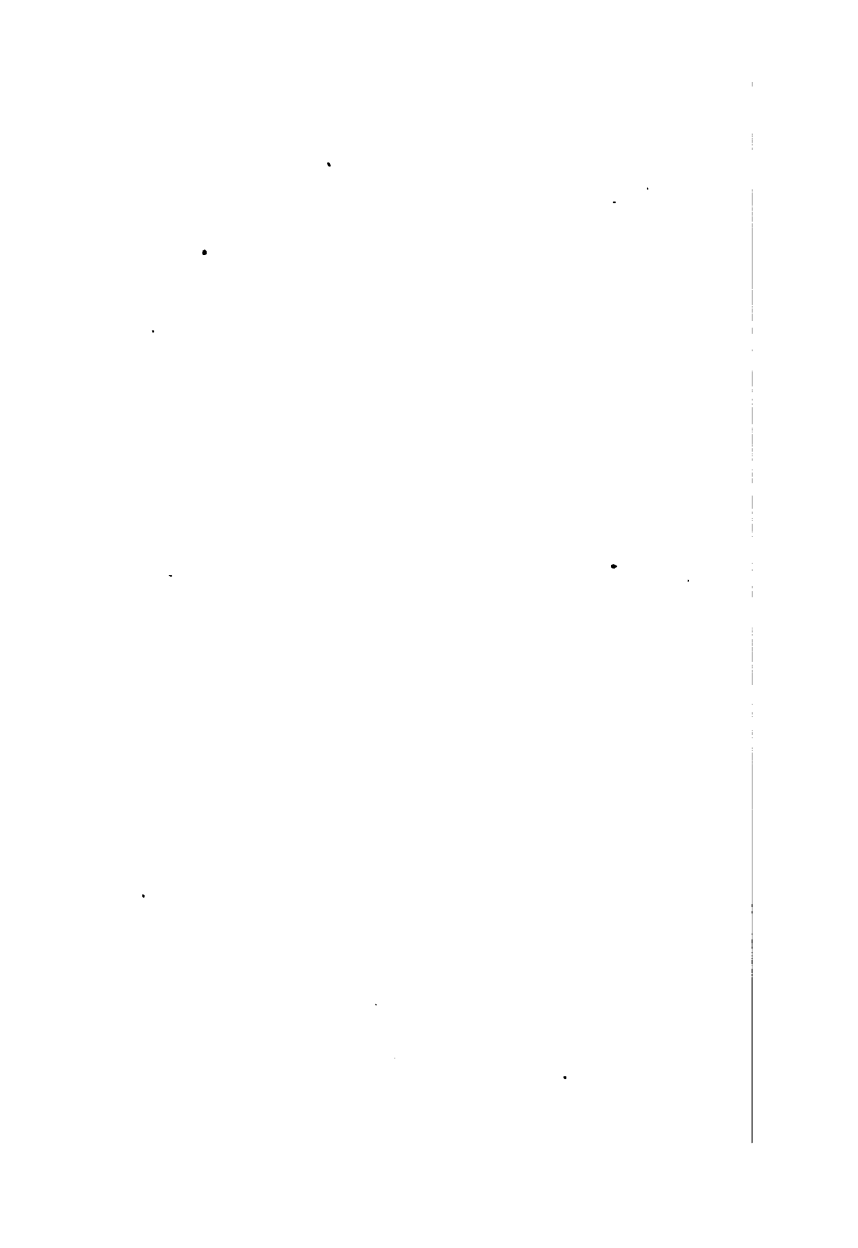


2

Oh, where are the voices of friendship and love,
 That shed their sweet charm on his way—
 Like sunshine and music sent down from above,
 To gladden life's morn, where are they?
 Where are they?
 Where are they?
 To gladden life's morn, where are they?
 All gone! all gone! he's weary and lone;
 No friend hovers near, nor words of comforts
 speak;
 In a prison he lies, uncared for he sighs
 And wipes the cold tear from his sorrow-worn
 cheek,
 And wipes the cold tear from his sorrow-worn
 cheek,
 Then pity the Prisoner and Heaven will prove
 No labor is lost where that labor is love.

PART V.

**BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL
NOTICES.**



BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

NOTE 1, PAGE 18.

James Montgomery.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born at Irvine, in the county of Ayrshire, North Britain, on the 4th of November, 1771. His father was one of that singular and exemplary body of Christians, denominated Moravians. The religious tenets of this sect tinged the writings of Montgomery, and made a deep impression upon his character. He was early the child of affliction. Both his parents fell victims to a pestilential climate. The poet thus affectingly alludes to their fate:—

'My father—mother—parents are no more!
Beneath the Lion star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves.'

James Montgomery early manifested a strong desire for the muse. Before ten years of age he was a poet. Undoubtedly the fervent and touching hymns of the Moravians led him thus early into the flowery paths of poesy.

James Montgomery met with a variety of discouragements. His life affords another instance of the triumph of genius over almost insuperable obstacles. He is to be

placed among that long list of master spirits who have broke through the gloom in which the accidents of birth and fortune may have placed them. How beautiful! how grand the history of human genius! How divine its origin! How sublime its progress! How it leaps out, even within the prison walls, to hold communion with the Infinite!

Our author, himself, has happily expressed the sentiment in his poem, written in prison, on the Moonlight:—

‘Blest with freedom unconfined,
Dungeons cannot hold the soul.
Who can chain the immortal mind?
None but He who spans the pole.’

James Montgomery must ever be placed among the best poets, and among the most devoted friends of humanity. He is one of the most fervent hymn-writers that any age has produced. He has given utterance to the purest strains of devotion. His productions have been laid upon every Christian altar. His poems are stamped with the impress of imperishable genius. His style is formed on the purest models. He is tender, as well as lofty; and everywhere is distinguished for classic grace and purity.

His life, like his writings, is serene, calm, and pure. Yet the law, in its wide range, found a way to make him the tenant of the prison. Twice was he thrown within its walls.

During his life he entered on the arduous and trying labors of an editor. His paper was called the *Sheffield Iris*. The first charge was that of printing a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastille, in 1789. It was interpreted into a seditious libel. The poor poet, notwithstanding the innocence of his intentions, was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment in York castle, and to pay a fine of £30.

In the following year, he was tried for a second imputed political offence, for a paragraph in his paper, which reflected on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot. He was sentenced again, to six months' imprisonment, and to a fine of £30, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. Mr. Montgomery returned to his office, with a strong determination, 'come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right.' It is evident that many of his persecutors afterwards regretted their treatment of this distinguished writer.

Mr. Montgomery wrote, during his second term of imprisonment, the several poems which we have copied entire. Speaking of these poems, he says, 'These pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horrors of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness. They were the transcripts of melancholy feelings—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real.' His writings are full of pathos and beauty, and will ever be read with the deepest interest by every lover of genuine poetry.

James Montgomery is still living in Edinburgh, universally respected and beloved, at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

NOTE 2, PAGE 40.

Madame de la Mothe Guyon.

MADAME GUYON was born April 13, 1648, at Montargis, a French town about fifty miles south of Paris. Her father's name was Claude Bouvières de la Mothe. Little is known of her parents. She was the offspring of a second marriage. Her maiden name was Jeanne Marie Bouvières de la Mothe. She was early placed under the

care of the Ursuline nuns, a sisterhood of religious persons, who, among other vows, bind themselves to educate children of their own sex. An anecdote is related of her early life, which will show the strong tendency of her religious feelings. She had declared herself willing to be a martyr for God. Her companions resolved to test her sincerity. They persuaded her that God had called her, in his inscrutable providence, to that martyrdom for which she had professed to be prepared. Permitting her to offer up her private supplications, they spread a cloth upon the floor to receive her blood, and required her to kneel. One appeared as an executioner, with a large cutlass, with the apparent intention of separating her head from her body. At this moment she cried out, *'that she was not at liberty to die without the consent of her father.'*

Madame Guyon was a very extraordinary woman. She was remarkable for the strength and energy of her intellect, the depth and constancy of her affections, the fervor and zeal of her religious feelings, her lofty sentiments, and her generous and charitable disposition. Possessing a mind tenderly and delicately cast, imprisonment served only to awaken her sensibilities. Naturally religious, she turned to Him whom no bolts nor bars could exclude. Throughout all her writings, she evinces a deep, fervent piety, expressed in the most beautiful and touching language.

Madame Guyon was imprisoned ten years, four of which, from 1698 to 1702, were spent in the Bastille. She was one of the Mystics, or, as some would call persons of her class of mind, Quietists. Her poems were handed to Cowper, who was so delighted with her deep, religious sentiments, that he put them into an English dress. This translation has fallen into our hands.

Professor Upham has, himself, given to the world the *Life of Madame Guyon*, in two volumes, in connection with the history of Archbishop Fenelon. A more valuable work has not appeared for many years. The original work was first published in French, entitled, *La Vie de Madame de la Mothe Guyon, écrite par elle-même*. Professor Upham has given us an excellent translation, not of mere words, but of sentiment. Her writings make a portion not only of ecclesiastical history, but of the history of the human mind. The whole of her works make forty volumes.

It is sad to follow out the thrilling incidents in the life of this devoted woman. Religious persecution had, indeed, selected a shining victim. Professor Upham well remarks, 'When piety, under the name of heresy, becomes a crime, the prayers and tears of the dungeon are as likely to be acceptable to God as those that arise within the walls of a church.' Her history shows that prisons are not always the abodes of wicked men. The great and the good have been there. How often, as in the days of Paul and Silas, have the praises of God ascended from the dungeon's gloom! How often has the silent prayer, the prayer of the heart, ascended to God from within the dreary cell! Even there, amid its cold damps, has the 'chainless mind' sent forth its kindling thoughts. It was within the stony apartments of the Bastille that Madame Guyon found time to hold converse with the great Unseen Spirit, whom no bolts nor bars can shut out. There she could sing,

'Oh, it is good to soar
 These bolts and bars above,
 To Him whose purpose I adore,
 Whose providence I love;
 And in Thy mighty will to find
 The joy, the freedom of the mind.'

Her pure and peaceful mind was like the calm, untroubled lake, decorated in its vernal beauty. No event, however afflictive, could disturb her equanimity. Like the plant that ever turns to the sun, so did she turn to the Great Sun of the universe. She loved to think of God. She traced every event, prosperous or adverse, to His overruling providence.

A beautiful truth is developed in the history of this devoted child of God. The softest natures are often the noblest and most fearless, while those apparently the most daring and masculine, often shrink away in the hour of peril and distress. . 'Peter followed afar off.' John, 'whom he loved,' stood by. It was Woman who

'——— was last at the cross,
And earliest at the grave.'

How much more sublime and lofty is such courage than that which rushes to the battle-field, and is crowned with the applauses of the world! One is the courage of the animal, the other of the soul. The one was developed in a Napoleon, the other in a Howard. To the one we give a statue, to the other, a cross!

The last hours approached. Enfeebled by the sufferings of ten years' imprisonment, her frail and tender frame gave way. Already many of her friends and enemies had been called hence. Among them were Harlai, La Combe, Fenelon, Beauvilliers, Bossuet, the powerful monarch of France. The summons came. She went down to the grave in perfect resignation and peace. She had given her soul to God, and God received her. No cloud rested upon her vision; no doubts perplexed the fulness of her hope and joy. Like the full-orbed sun setting in the clear west, she shed her parting rays over the earth. About midnight, in June, 1777, she died, aged

sixty-nine years. She was sincerely lamented. She has sanctified the prison. She has sanctified poetry itself. Her remains were interred in the church of the Cordeliers, at Blois, where a monument was erected to her memory, with a Latin inscription. How strange! A prison in life! A monument in death! Professor Upham has beautifully said, that 'such a departure, preceded by such a life, might be called a *transition*, rather than death. It is proper to say that she died, but it is equally proper to say that she *went home*.'

'Rest, gentle spirit, rest!
Thy conflict's o'er, thy labors done;
Angels thy friends; thy *home*
The presence of the Holy One.'

NOTE 3, PAGE 57.

William Lloyd Garrison.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805. His maternal grand-parents were English emigrants, of the name of Lloyd, resident in Lower Canada. His father, Abijah Garrison, was a man of excellent abilities, a good navigator, and a ship-master by profession. His mother was a woman of great energy and perseverance. She was called early to struggle with an adversity of a nature too delicate to spread before the public. She was obliged greatly to exert herself for the support of five children. William was early placed with Deacon Ezekiel Bartlett, of Newburyport, who took especial care of his charge. From here he was removed to Lynn, where his mother went to reside. Previously he had made some progress in grammar, arithmetic and geography. For a few months, he

worked at the shoemaking business in that town, being then only nine years old. Subsequently, he returned home, and was next apprenticed to the cabinet-making business at Haverhill. But this not suiting his taste, the kind-hearted deacon finally took him back under his own roof, where he was again sent to school, filling up his hours of leisure by sawing and splitting wood about the town for his patron.

After serious deliberation by the old man in regard to the right business for William, he fortunately selected the printing office, which, to many a genius, has been far better than the best university. It is eminently practical. This was in October, 1818, at the early age of thirteen. He found himself perfectly happy as the apprentice of Ephraim W. Allen, the editor of the *Newburyport Herald*. He was in his element. To him the business imparted a sort of inspiration. No trade could more effectually unfold those powers of mind which, hereafter, were so effectually to be employed in the great work of humanity.

At sixteen, William made his first essay, in a disguised form, sending it to the very paper on which he was at work. It was a humorous article respecting certain legal suits for a breach of the marriage promise, and bore the signature of 'An Old Bachelor.' His heart beat strongly as he saw the editor enter the office with the communication. It was read to several gentlemen, and commended. Thus encouraged, he continued his articles under the signature of 'A. O. B.' (the initials of his *nom de guerre*.) He thus wrote for years, without being suspected, often receiving high commendations from the editor himself. It so happened that Mr. Allen retired from the editorship, *pro tempore*, in consequence of illness, and Mr. Cushing, afterwards minister to China, took

his place. A. O. B. was soon detected, and the temporary editor revealed the secret to Mr. Allen. Instead of being displeased at the joke thus played upon him, his master encouraged him to become a regular contributor. At nineteen, during the absence of Mr. Allen in Alabama, the whole concern was conducted by William.

In December, 1825, his apprenticeship terminated. The kind deacon had witnessed his successful career with the deepest interest. Of course, his fond mother prided herself on such a son. Broken down by disease and affliction, she sent for him to visit her at Baltimore, whither she had removed some time before. His visit inspired her with new life, but after his return she expired in about six weeks.

On leaving Mr. Allen, he commenced a newspaper, called the *Free Press*, the articles of which he often set up in type without committing to paper, a happy faculty which but few men possess. In this laudable undertaking, he unfortunately failed.

He now removed to Boston to procure employment, and for a short time was employed as a journeyman in the printing office of David Lee Child, the husband of the amiable and highly accomplished Lydia Maria Child, whose writings have had so wide a circulation.

In 1827, he was engaged as editor of the *National Philanthropist*, a paper devoted to *total* abstinence, and the first paper in the world which advocated that cause! It had been commenced a year or two previous, by the Rev. William Collier, a worthy Baptist clergyman. As the proprietorship subsequently passed into other hands, Mr. Garrison ceased his connection with the paper.

About this time, Mr. Garrison became interested in the abolition of slavery. He formed an acquaintance with Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker who was the editor of the

Genius of Universal Emancipation, published in Baltimore. He soon saw the enormity and folly of this national sin, and a burden was laid on him to concentrate his life to its removal.

In 1829, Mr. Garrison was sent for by a deputation from Bennington, Vermont, to establish a press, with a view to the reelection of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS for the Presidency of the United States. He commenced the periodical under the title of the *Journal of the Times*, which, while it espoused the cause of Mr. Adams, was mainly devoted to Peace, Temperance, and the Abolition of Slavery.

In 1829, at the earnest solicitation of his friend, Benjamin Lundy, Mr. Garrison removed to Baltimore to act as associate editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. His friend advocated 'gradualism.' Mr. Garrison hoisted the banner of 'immediateism.' The subscription proved inadequate to sustain the weekly publication of the paper, and the enemies of freedom determined to crush it. An opportunity soon occurred, which brings us to his imprisonment, an account of which he has sketched with his own hand, as follows :

'In the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, of November 29, 1829, I announced the fact that the ship *Francis*, owned by Francis Todd, of Newburyport, had sailed from Baltimore with a cargo of slaves for the New Orleans market, seventy in number, and severely denounced Mr. Todd for his inhuman conduct; asserting that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and the domestic slave-trade, and that the same punishment which is awarded to persons in the one traffic should be impartially inflicted on those engaged in the other. Mr. Todd brought an action of libel against me, which resulted in my imprisonment for seven weeks in the Baltimore jail, and my being fined one thousand dollars, by a slave-holding court; though I proved, on my trial, by the custom-house

records, that the ship Francis carried off eighty-eight, instead of seventy-five slaves, for the purpose stated. But "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

During his confinement, Mr. Garrison made (to use the words of Mary Howitt) 'the very walls of his prison the eloquent preachers of liberty.' The two sonnets, entitled 'The Guiltless Prisoner,' and 'The Freedom of the Mind,' are among the noblest effusions that ever left the pen of the poet. Charles Sumner pronounced the latter to be one of the finest poems he ever read. Mary Howitt says, 'This remarkable little poem, to the last two lines of which we would call our readers' attention, was the instantaneous outbreak of feeling on his being immured in his cell. The jailer shut the bolts and turned the key, and the prisoner, thrilling with the energy and inspiration of truth and genius, inscribed the manly defiance of judicial tyranny on the walls which enclosed him.'

The reader, of course, will turn to the beautiful poem. We, however, quote here the two lines which so excited the admiration of Mary Howitt. After describing the nature of the soul, and the impossibility of its confinement, the poet says,

'T is up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.'

From Baltimore, Mr. Garrison went to the north. For some time, in Boston, he could not obtain a public hearing. Finally, the disciples of Thomas Paine, infidels by profession, offered him their hall, without charge. From this hall he first proclaimed 'liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.'

About this time, Mr. Garrison incurred the displeasure of many of his former friends, by an exposure of the machinations of the Colonization scheme.

January 1, 1831, Mr. Garrison commenced, in Boston, in connection with Isaac Knapp, a new journal, called the *Liberator*. This is still published. For a long time, the very office served for a counting-house, eating-room, bedroom, &c. 'There is a moral sublimity,' says Mary Howitt, 'in the history of this paper, and a grandeur beyond that of kings, in the noble temperance, self-denial, and unconquerable fortitude, of the men who conducted it.'

January 1, 1832, the first anti-slavery society was formed by Mr. Garrison, consisting of twelve members, a small but apostolic number.

Thrice has Mr. Garrison visited England. On one of these occasions, he went as delegate to the World's Convention, but as female delegates were not permitted to be participants, he refused to act with the assembly.

During Mr. Garrison's visit to England, he became acquainted with George Thompson, Wilberforce, O'Connell, and many other choice spirits of the age.

The report of Mr. Garrison's labors in England crossed the Atlantic before him, and on his arrival he found placards speaking of him as 'the infamous Garrison.' The following is a sketch of the scenes in Boston, the facts of which are recorded by another hand:—

'During the year 1826, the whole country was greatly excited on the subject of slavery; so that anti-slavery meetings could scarcely be held peaceably in any part of the land. Boston partook of the general excitement. In the month of October, a meeting of the Female Anti-slavery Society having been advertised to be held in the hall 46 Washington street, several of the city papers instigated a riotous assemblage of five thousand persons, on the false allegation that George Thompson, (a distinguished philanthropist of England, and now a member of parliament from Westminster,) then in this country, would be present, whom the mob were recommended to tar and feather. Disappointed in not finding Mr. Thompson,

the rioters seized Mr. Garrison, placed a rope around his body, almost stripped him of his clothing, and dragged him through the streets, until he was rescued by the city authorities, by whom he was committed to the jail in Leverett street, as the only means of saving his life—such was the frenzied state of the popular mind. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part:—“William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of ‘a respectable and influential’ mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the ‘abominable’ and ‘dangerous’ doctrine, that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God!” The next day, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a few days, until the tumult had somewhat subsided. A marvellous change has since taken place in Boston, and throughout the free States, on the subject, alike cheering to the friends of impartial liberty, and auspicious for the cause of the slave.¹

In conclusion, we give the words of one capable of appreciating human character:—‘He is one of God’s nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet—but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears “covered all over with the stars and orders” of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers.’

Our sketch has been extended far beyond what we expected, but as Mr. Garrison was one of the prison poets, we felt that he deserved a place in our work. We are indebted greatly to his politeness, and especially to a series of able articles by the accomplished Mary Howitt, in the *People’s Journal* for October and November, 1846, published monthly in London.

NOTE 4, PAGE 61.

John Bunyan.

JOHN BUNYAN was one of the most wonderful men of his age. His name is familiar to almost every child. He was the son of a tinker, and was born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, in 1628. His parents were poor, but they gave him the best education in their power. He was early addicted to profanity, but finally became religious and was admitted as a member of a Baptist congregation. He travelled for many years in his father's occupation, which was a repairer of metal utensils. He, finally, after considerable reluctance, became a preacher of the Gospel. After pursuing this calling for about five years, he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which, soon after the Restoration, had been declared unlawful. He was sentenced to perpetual banishment, which was commuted to imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained twelve years and a half. During his long confinement his active mind still found ways of doing good. He employed himself in writing pious works, and in making thread laces for the benefit of his family, for whom he had a very strong affection, especially for one of his four children, who was blind.

An anecdote is related of a certain Quaker, who visited Bunyan in his cell, declaring, 'that the Lord had sent him, but that he had been searching all over London to find him.' To which Bunyan replied, 'If the Lord had sent you, he would have directed you here, for the Lord knows I have been in this prison these twelve years.'

His whole library, in prison, consisted of the Bible, and Fox's Book of Martyrs. The general impression has been that Bunyan owed his liberation to Dr. Barlow,

Bishop of Lincoln. Within a few years some facts have come to light, showing that he was not indebted for his enlargement to a Bishop, but to a Quaker. The evidence is found in a letter from Ellis Hookes, a Quaker, to George Fox, the founder of the sect, and also in a letter to the wife of Fox; and further, in an autobiographical narrative published in 1725, entitled, 'The Christian Progress of George Whitehead.' He was a Friend. The circumstances briefly were these: Charles II., after his defeat by Cromwell at the battle of Worcester, in 1751, barely escaped with his life. After many narrow escapes, he succeeded, with a few faithful followers, in reaching Shoreham, a little town on the coast of Sussex, whence he escaped into France in a small fishing vessel, the master and mate of which were Quakers. When the vessel reached the French coast, Richard Carver, the mate, carried the king ashore on his shoulders.

In 1660 Charles was restored to the throne.

In 1670, Carver called on the king. Having made no application for a reward for his services, he said to the king, 'that the reason he had not come to him before was, that he was satisfied, in that he had peace and satisfaction in himself, and that he did what he did to relieve a man in distress, and now he desired nothing of him, but that he would set Friends at liberty, who were great sufferers, and told the king that he had a paper of one hundred and ten that were preunired, and that had lain in prison six years, and that none can release them, but him.'

'The king said, there were many of them, and that the country gentlemen complained that they were troubled with the Quakers.'

After several interviews, a release was not only granted to the Quakers, but to many others; for the Baptists.

Independents, Presbyterians, hearing of the success of the humble Quaker, petitioned that their friends might be released, which Whitehead says, 'I was very glad of, for our being of different judgments and societies did not abate my compassion or charity toward them who had been my opposers in some cases.'

When the instrument was ready for delivery, the Friends were alarmed at the amount of fees legally payable. The usual charge was £20 for each person. As there were above four hundred, it would amount to about £10,000. An application was again made to the king, and the following order issued :

'His Majesty is pleased to command that it be signified as his pleasure to the respective officers and sealers where the pardon to the Quakers is to pass, that the pardon, though comprehending a great number of persons, do yet pass but as one pardon, and pay but as one.

'ARLINGTON.

'*At the Court of Whitehall, Sept. 12, 1672.*'

The covetous clerks strove hard to exact the former fees!

The pardon was dated the same day, and some of the Quakers carried the deed round the kingdom.

Whitehead says, 'The patent was so big and cumbersome in a leathern case and tin box with a great seal on it, that Edward Mann was so cumbered with carrying it, hanging by his side, that he was fain to lie it across the horse's back behind him.'

It is still preserved by the Friends. It fills eleven skins of parchment!

In this document were the names of Bunyan and some of his fellow prisoners in Bedford jail. These mentioned are :

'Johanni Penn, Johanni Banyan, Johanni Dunn, Thomas Haynes, Simoni Haynes, Georgie Farr, Jacobs

Rogers, Johanni Rush, Tabithæ Rush, and Johanni Garfe, prisonariis in communi gaola pro comitata nostræ Bedfordiæ.'

What a beautiful incident in Divine Providence! Bunyan owed his release to the Quakers, and the Quakers their pardon to the king's recollection of the master and mate who took him on board their boat at Shoreham, and effected his escape to France after the fatal fight at Worcester.

We are indebted for the above facts to the 'Life of Bunyan,' by S. B. Wickers, of New York, published by the Methodist Book Concern of that city.

After his liberation, Bunyan immediately resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, which he continued to exercise till the proclamation of liberty of conscience by James II. His preaching attracted great numbers.

He labored hard for the salvation of his hearers:

'———Much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he fed
Might feel it too.'

Of his preaching, we have the following anecdote:

'Dr. Owen was so favorably impressed with him, that he spoke of him in high terms in the presence of Charles II. The king expressed his astonishment that so learned a man should ever listen to the preaching of a tinker. "May it please your Majesty," replied Dr. Owen, "could I possess that tinker's abilities for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning."'

Bunyan wrote several works in prison; among which are, a Discourse on Prayer; the Holy City; a Confession of my Faith and a Reason of my Practice; several pieces in verse; (as probably, Mount Ebal and Gerizim, or the Blessing and the Curse; the Four Last Things, Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell; Divine Em-

288 BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

blame, for Youth, or Temporal Things Spiritualized, and Prison Meditations, dedicated to the heart of suffering saints and reigning sinners;) Justification by Jesus Christ, against a work by Bishop Fowler; Grace abounding to the chief of Sinners; The Straight Gate, or the Difficulty of going to Heaven; and the Pilgrim's Progress, (the First Part.) The work has acquired the most extensive celebrity. Its popularity is almost unrivalled. The first edition was published in a foolscap 8vo., in 1678. As early as 1784 it had passed through fifty editions. The American Tract Society alone have circulated, within a few years, more than 100,000 copies! It has passed through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the European languages. Cowper has borne his testimony to the value of this work:

'Oh, thou, whom, borne on fancy's easier wing,
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I, pleased, remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office, here, can ne'er forget.
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale,
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile.
Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slightest word.
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man whose *Pilgrim* marks the road,
And guides the *Progress* of the soul to God.'

Before me lies the following fact, which may be interesting to all the admirers of this work:

'A Baptist Society in London, called the "Hanserd Knolly's Society," have issued an edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress* exactly as Bunyan published the work originally, italics, capitals, cuts and all. The editor of this

edition, George Ofor, Secretary of the Society, suggests that the Pilgrim Fathers brought with them to New England nearly the whole of the first edition, 1678, which is now so rare in England that he says he should like to give *twenty dollars* for a good copy. The editor thinks there must have been handsome editions published in New England prior to 1684. He infers this from the following stanza from the introduction to the second part, published on or before 1688 :

“ 'Tis in New England under such advance,
 Receives there so much loving countenance,
 As to be trim'd, new clothed, and decked with gems,
 That it may show its features and its limbs,
 Yet more, so comely doth my Pilgrim walk
 That of him thousands daily sing and talk.”

At last that hour came to this saint of God which must soon come to all. Worn out with sufferings, age and ministerial labors, he finally closed his earthly career with a memorable act of Christian charity. He had been long known as a peace-maker. He was desired by a young gentleman to become a mediator between him and his offended father. He cheerfully accomplished his benevolent mission. But, in returning to London, he was overtaken by a storm. He reached a friend on Snow Hill, and was seized with a violent fever, which he bore with great patience for ten days, when he breathed out his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, August 12, 1693, aged 60. It is a singular circumstance, that in collecting his works, it was found that he had wrote just as many treatises as he had lived years !

A correspondent from London, in visiting the Dissenters' burial ground, Bunhill-fields, met with the tomb of Bunyan, which has lately been raised. Near it is the tomb of Dr. Watts. The inscription is concise and simple. No gorgeous or costly mausoleum adorns the burial

... of Bedford
... of the Pilgrim's
... and erects for
... The following is all

HUNTER,
...
... 1855. E 60.

... 71.

... LL. D.

... of a clergyman is
... He was born at Bourne,
... his school education in
... of Clare Hall, Cam-
... in his studies, and soon took
... of Arts. In his youth, he
... particularly fond
... and much de-
... of the God of Dan-
... he became an author, and

... he hadly united himself in
... Mary Perkins. She was endowed
... but was deficient in birth and
... great pain to his friends,
... Ultimately he became a clergy-
... On assuming this respon-
... his favorite object, *Polite Let-
... Beauties of Shakespeare*, to
... and more important things
... and I here, with a
... Shakespeare and the Critics.'

In 1752 he was appointed Lecturer of St. James Garlick Hill. About two years afterwards, he was appointed to preach Lady Mayer's lectures at St. Paul's. In 1753 he was amongst the most active promoters of that charitable institution, the Magdalen House. In 1759 he took his degree of Master of Arts. In 1763, he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the king. About this time he was introduced to the Earl of Chesterfield. The following year he became Chaplain to his Majesty. In 1766, he took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge. He expected to have succeeded to the rectory at West Ham, but was twice disappointed.

Dr. Dodd finally removed to a house in Southampton Row, and again entered into scenes of expense beyond his income. To accelerate his ruin, he had the misfortune to obtain a prize of £1000 in the state lottery. Elated with his success, he determined on erecting a chapel near the palace of the queen, in hopes, as it is said, of having some young royal auditors. So sanguine was he that he even fitted up a pew or gallery for the heir-apparent. In this, as in other plans, he was doomed to disappointment.

In 1772 he obtained the rectory of Hackliffe, in Bedfordshire. About this time Dr. Dodd narrowly escaped with his life. Returning home, he was stopped by a highwayman, who discharged a pistol into his carriage, which happily, as it was then thought, only broke the glass. The delinquent was tried, and on the evidence of Dr. Dodd, he was convicted and executed. It is indeed a singular incident in the life of this eminent divine, that he should, by his testimony, have brought upon a human being the very same fate that afterwards awaited him-

is period, Dr. Dodd was in the zenith of his
Universally beloved and respected, he would

spot of this prince of allegorists, this dreamer of Bedford-jail. It is enough that he is the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. This secures his immortality, and erects for him an imperishable monument. The following is all that has been cut upon his tomb-stone :

MR. JOHN BUNYAN,
AUTHOR OF THE *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*.
Obt. 31st of August, 1688. Æ 60.

NOTE 5, PAGE 72.

William Dodd, LL. D.

WILLIAM DODD was the eldest son of a clergyman in the county of Lincoln, England. He was born at Bourne, May 29th, 1729. On closing his school education in 1745, he was admitted a Vicar of Clare Hall, Cambridge. He excelled greatly in his studies, and soon took the first degree of Bachelor of Arts. In his youth, he was young, gay, thoughtless, volatile, particularly fond of dress and every species of amusement, and much devoted, as he ludicrously expressed it, to the God of Dancing. At the age of eighteen, he became an author, and obtained some degree of reputation.

On the 15th of April, 1751, he hastily united himself in marriage with Miss Mary Perkins. She was endowed with personal attractions, but was deficient in birth and fortune. His connection caused great pain to his friends, especially to his father. Ultimately he became a clergyman, and was very popular. On assuming this responsible office, he renounced his favorite object, Polite Letters. In his preface to the *Beauties of Shakspeare*, he says, 'For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention, and I here, with no small pleasure, take leave of Shakspeare and the Critics.'

In 1752 he was appointed Lecturer of St. James Garlick Hill. About two years afterwards, he was appointed to preach Lady Mayer's lectures at St. Paul's. In 1759 he was amongst the most active promoters of that charitable institution, the Magdalen House. In 1759 he took his degree of Master of Arts. In 1763, he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the king. About this time he was introduced to the Earl of Chesterfield. The following year he became Chaplain to his Majesty. In 1766, he took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Cambridge. He expected to have succeeded to the rectory at West Ham, but was twice disappointed.

Dr. Dodd finally removed to a house in Southampton Row, and again entered into scenes of expense beyond his income. To accelerate his ruin, he had the misfortune to obtain a prize of £1000 in the state lottery. Elated with his success, he determined on erecting a chapel near the palace of the queen, in hopes, as it is said, of having some young royal auditors. So sanguine was he that he even fitted up a pew or gallery for the heir-apparent. In this, as in other plans, he was doomed to disappointment.

In 1772 he obtained the rectory of Hackliffe, in Bedfordshire. About this time Dr. Dodd narrowly escaped with his life. Returning home, he was stopped by a highwayman, who discharged a pistol into his carriage, which happily, as it was then thought, only broke the glass. The delinquent was tried, and on the evidence of Dr. Dodd, he was convicted and executed. It is indeed a singular incident in the life of this eminent divine, that he should, by his testimony, have brought upon a human being the very same fate that afterwards awaited himself!

About this period, Dr. Dodd was in the zenith of his popularity. Universally beloved and respected, he would

ultimately have reached the object of his wishes, had he possessed sufficient prudence. Unfortunately, his habits of dissipation had become too firmly rooted to be easily eradicated. His pecuniary embarrassments multiplied. To extricate himself he was tempted to the commission of an act which cut off all hope of rising in his profession, and which ruined him in the opinion of the world. On the translation of Bishop Moss, in February, 1774, to the see of Bath and Wells, the valuable rectory of St. George, Hanover square, fell to the disposal of the crown, by virtue of the king's prerogative. Either from a suggestion of his own mind, or some friend, he took a step, of all others, the most wild and extravagant, and least likely of success. He sent an anonymous letter to Lady Apsley, offering the sum of £3000 if she would exert her influence to secure to him the living. The letter was shown to the chancellor, and after being traced to the author, was laid before his Majesty. The insult to so high an officer was followed by immediate punishment. Dr. Dodd's name was struck from the list of chaplains. The press teemed with satire and invective; and to crown the whole, the matter became a subject of entertainment in one of Mr. Foote's pieces at the Haymarket.

Stung with remorse, Dr. Dodd went to Geneva, to his pupil, who presented him to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, which he held, with Hackliffe, by virtue of a dispensation. Here he might have retrieved his circumstances, but his extravagance led him into schemes which overwhelmed him in infamy. His biographer remarks that he descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper. He must have had a singular idea of a profession which has been adorned by some of the most brilliant minds. From this time every step led to his ruin. In 1770 he went to Paris, and paraded in a

phaeton at the races on the plains of Salisbury, dressed in all the foppery of the kingdom in which he then resided. He returned to England, and continued to exercise the duties of his function, particularly at the Magdalen Chapel, where he was heard with approbation, and where his last sermon was preached, February 2, 1777, only two days before he signed the fatal instrument which brought him to an ignominious end.

His embarrassments increasing, he committed the crime which terminated his earthly career. He forged a bond on his pupil, Lord Chesterfield, for £4200. Upon the credit of this he obtained a considerable amount of money. He was soon detected, and committed to prison. His guilt was clearly proved. May 26th he received his sentence. Being asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced, he addressed the court in a very animated and pathetic speech, which his biographer has preserved. On being convicted, some of the most powerful talent of England was enlisted in his behalf; even the great Dr. Johnson plead warmly for his pardon. There has scarcely been an execution in which a deeper interest has been felt. A most fervent petition was presented in person by his wife, in which she says, 'she hath been the wife of this unhappy man more than twenty-seven years;' and * * * that many are the hearts which he has freed from pain, and the faces which he has cleared from sorrow.' The ruling sovereign was inexorable. He met his fate calmly. He ascended the cart at the gallows, and spoke to his fellow sufferer. He prayed for himself, his wife, and the youth that suffered with him. His 'Thoughts' are dated Feb. 24, 1777, and on June 25, same year, he writes, 'On Tuesday morning I am to be made immortal! I die with a heart truly contrite and broken under a sense of its great and manifold offences,

but comforted and sustained by a firm faith in the pardoning love of Jesus Christ.' * * *

It is a remarkable fact that the king absolutely declared that he would never pardon a criminal for that species of forgery of which Dr. Dodd was guilty. From that hour that *kind* of forgery increased!

While in Newgate, Dr. Dodd, in little more than two months, wrote his excellent work entitled, *Thoughts in Prison*. Speaking of it he says:

"I began these thoughts merely from the impression of my mind, without plan, purpose, or motive, more than the situation and state of my soul. I continued them on a thoughtful and regular plan; and I have been enabled wonderfully—in a state, which in better days I should have supposed would have destroyed all power of reflection—to bring them nearly to a conclusion. I dedicate them to God, and to the *reflecting serious* among my fellow-creatures; and I bless the Almighty for the ability to go through them, amidst the terrors of this dire place, and the bitter anguish of my disconsolate mind."

NOTE 6, PAGE 85.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in Devonshire, England, in the year 1562. He descended from an illustrious family. He was the son of a naval officer Walter Raleigh, of Farden, by a third wife. He early imbibed a taste for military adventure. He entered upon life at a very interesting period. He engaged actively in the Irish rebellion. At his return, his reputation was somewhat overshadowed by that illustrious group, of which Elizabeth was the central figure, which, according to Gray, as quoted by Macauley, the last of the bards seen in vision from the top of Snowden, encircling the virgin Queen:

'Many a baron bold,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.'

Raleigh's introduction at court strongly shows his gallantry. 'The genius of Romance seems to have displaced the muse of History, and for a time to have ruled the hour.' The queen, surrounded by her nobles and officers, on one occasion, came to a spot where the rains had made the ground too moist for royal footsteps. She hesitated. Raleigh stepped forward among the embarrassed courtiers; threw off his magnificent mantle, and cast it upon the earth. She received the attention with complacency and surprise, and looked with delight upon the noble form of the young soldier to whom she was indebted for so fair a carpet. Raleigh immediately received an office about her person.

Passing over many exciting scenes in the life of this illustrious statesman, we come to the hour of his disgrace. He was charged with Atheism, that established watchword of calumny. It was even said he had formed a school of Atheism, in which the Old and New Testaments were derided, and a spirit of blasphemy infused into the minds of his scholars.

But there was a still darker offence than Atheism in the eyes of the queen. Raleigh privately married one of her maids of honor. Her jealousy and pride were provoked. Although herself near sixty years of age, yet she loved to see him and Essex contending for her love. He was sent to the Tower, with his lady, where so many brilliant geniuses have been immured, and from which we have gathered the richest materials for our work. He had been a courtier long enough to know that flattery was the surest way of softening the royal heart; and affecting

extravagant sorrow at being shut out from the presence of the queen, he was soon released.

During the remainder of Elizabeth's reign, Raleigh was sometimes in Parliament, sometimes at his estate at Sherbourne, and sometimes with his club at the Mermaid, where he gathered around him some of the choicest spirits of his age. Among them was Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, Donne, and others; forming an association unrivalled in any preceding age, and an assemblage unequalled at any period since. We fear that a long time must elapse before such an association can again be formed. Here, in the luxury of unrestrained and congenial society, were to be heard the 'wit-combats' of Shakespeare and Jonson, and the grave disquisitions of Selden, Cotton, and Raleigh; but if we may accredit the attractive description of the poet Jonson, playful railery, exalted by the power of genius, predominated over abstruse discussion:

'What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his wit in a jest.'

What a constellation of wit and genius! What writer can help lamenting that these precious scenes were unrecorded! What a wonderful age! What a deep impress has it made upon our own! Who does not sometimes wish to go back to such an era? Yet, light as it was, there was darkness. An age, however bright in letters, that could find pretence to execute Raleigh, must have been indeed dark in humanity. Intellectual and moral light do not always keep pace with each other. What an illustration in the death-penalty! How slow, yet how

sure; is human progress! Before it, Slavery, War, Intemperance, and the Gibbet must fall.

Let us turn, then, to the closing scenes of one who filled so large a space in the world's history.

With the death of Elizabeth, the sun of Raleigh's fortune went down. He was accused of Atheism and Treason; charges always indefinite. Yet, under them, how many have been condemned! What is Treason? What is Atheism? If defined, do the guilty deserve death? Sir John Harrington, in his letter to Prince Henry, in 1609, has a fine couplet on Treason:

'Treason doth never prosper; — What's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it Treason.'

Raleigh's trial was conducted by the celebrated Coke, with great brutality and violence. 'Traitor, monster, viper and spider of hell,' were the terms which he employed against the most illustrious man of the kingdom. His defence is said to have been surpassingly eloquent. Speaking of it, one says, 'When I saw him first, I would have gone a hundred miles to have seen him hanged, and ere I came away, I would have gone a thousand to have saved his life.' He was condemned. For nearly a month after his sentence, Raleigh was hourly expecting his death. Monday was the appointed time.

On the evening of the Sabbath he addressed that noble and beautiful letter to his wife, which, though it has been often published, has never been read without sentiments of the highest admiration for the noble and Christian spirit which breathes in every line:

'I would not present you with sorrows; let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust.' 'To what friend to direct thee, I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial, and I plainly perceive

272 BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES.

'The durance of the Tower,' says a writer, 'did not prevent his being visited by the muses, who taught their votary how to find consolation for some of his dark and melaucholy prison hours. His subjects were graver and holier than the songs of his freedom, but his lyre had lost nothing of its sweetness. It was while there that he wrote the following beautiful hymn, which breathes the most exalted strain of devotion :

HYMN.

" Rise, O my soul, with thy desires, to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, where time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy mind abuse ;
But down in darkness let them lie ;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

' And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review, with most regardful eye,
That holy cross, whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die ;
For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

" To thee, O Jesu, I direct my eyes,
To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees,
To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice ;
To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only see,
To thee myself, myself and all I give,
To thee I die, to thee I only live."

He also composed that stupendous work, entitled, 'The History of the World,' which he published in 1614. A copy, forming a quarto volume as large as the Scriptures, may be seen in Harvard College. There has been an edition also in twelve volumes. It is wonderful how he found leisure to accumulate such vast stores of learning. Hume says of this history, that it 'affords the best model of the ancient style.'

As a navigator, a historian, a statesman, an orator, and a politician, Raleigh has seldom been surpassed. As a

poet he was forcible, elegant and imaginative. His poems, however, must rather be considered as the indications, than as the fruits, of his genius. It is singular that a stanza in his 'Silent Lover' was about seventy years ago attributed to the Earl of Chesterfield.

In looking over Chambers' Cyclopaedia, that invaluable work, we find even his celebrated poem, entitled the 'Farewell,' and by some the 'Lie,' is attributed to Joshua Sylvester. We give the fact, though we doubt the authority. We have examined Cayley, Mrs. Thompson, and other biographers. In all the poem is ascribed to Raleigh. To those who have any doubts, we refer them to the note of the learned Percy, who has placed the poem among his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in three volumes. Vol. ii., p. 231. London edition, 1846.

'This piece, entitled the "Farewell," or "Soul's Errand," is also called "The Lye." It is found in a scarce miscellany, intitled "Davison's Poems or a poetical Rhapsodie, divided into six books. . . . The fourth impression, newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. London, 1621, 12mo." The poem is reported to have been written by its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29, 1618. [*Catalog. of T. Rowbinson, 1727.*] But this must be a mistake, for there were at least two editions of Davison's poems before that time; one in 1608, the other in 1611. [*Catalog. of Sim. Coll. Library.* This is either lost or mislaid.] So that unless this poem was an after-insertion in the 4th edition, it must have been written long before the death of Sir Walter; perhaps it was composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. [See OLDY'S Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, p. 173, fol.] For the Poem itself, see Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. By THOMAS PERCY. 3 vols., vol. ii., p. 231, London.'

We close our sketch, which has been extended further than was at first intended, owing to the exciting incidents which crowd the life of this illustrious man, with the poetical compliment paid him by the amiable Thomson:

The following is a list of the names of the authors of the letters which are here printed, with all the names of the persons to whom they were addressed, and the names of the persons to whom they were sent. The names of the authors are given in full, and the names of the persons to whom they were addressed are given in full, and the names of the persons to whom they were sent are given in full.

The letters are here largely indebted to the *Atterbury Papers*, and several other works, and are here printed at the close of the volume. The names of the authors may be found in the *Index*.

The letters of Lord Bacon write Raleigh, and the letters of King James, Sir Walter's son, and many respectable writers of the sixteenth century. His original letter to Raleigh, which he himself wrote Raleigh, which is here printed in the present work, is here printed in the present work. By ASHURA CAY, London, 1821.

NOTE 2. PAGE 37.

John Florida.

The following is a list of the names of the authors of the letters which are here printed, with all the names of the persons to whom they were addressed, and the names of the persons to whom they were sent. The names of the authors are given in full, and the names of the persons to whom they were addressed are given in full, and the names of the persons to whom they were sent are given in full.

upon his race. It has all the grandeur and stateliness of the old Spanish muse. The 'Prayer' is the only poem that he wrote during his confinement. It is a grand production, and would do credit to any age.

'He was executed at Havana in the seventh month, 1844. According to the custom in Cuba with condemned criminals, he was conducted from prison to the "chapel of the doomed." He passed thither with singular composure, amidst a great concourse of people, gracefully saluting his numerous acquaintances. The chapel was hung with black cloth, dimly lighted. Placido was seated beside his coffin. Priests in long black robes stood around him, chanting in sepulchral voices the service of the dead. It is an ordeal under which the stoutest-hearted and most resolute have been found to sink. After enduring it for twenty-four hours, he was led out to execution. Placido came forth calm and undismayed; holding a crucifix in his hand, he recited, in a loud, clear voice, a solemn prayer in verse, which he had composed amidst the horrors of the "chapel." It thrilled upon the hearts of all who heard it. I am indebted to a friend for assistance in rendering this remarkable prayer into English verse:—

PRAYER OF PLACIDO.

'God of unbounded love and power eternal!
To Thee I turn in darkness and despair;
Stretch forth Thine arm, and from the brow infernal
Of Calunny the veil of Justice tear!
And from the forehead of my honest fame
Pluck the world's brand of infamy and shame!

"O, King of kings!—my father's God! who only
Art strong to save, by whom is all controlled,
Rest the sea its waves, the dark and lonely
Of heaven its light, the North its cold,
The currents, the warm sun its beams,
The flowers, and motion to the streams:

“ All things obey Thee; dying or reviving,
 As thou commandest; all, apart from Thee,
 From Thee alone their life and power deriving,
 Sink and are lost in vast eternity!
 Yet doth the void obey Thee: since from nought
 This marvellous being by Thy hand was wrought.

“ O merciful God! — I cannot shun thy presence,
 For through its veil of flesh Thy piercing eye
 Looketh upon my spirit's unsoiled essence,
 As through the pure transparency of the sky;
 Let not the oppressor clap his bloody hands,
 As o'er my prostrate innocence he stands!

“ But, if, alas! it seemeth good unto Thee
 That I should perish as the guilty dies,
 That, a cold, mangled corse, my foes should view me,
 With hateful malice and exulting eyes,
 Speak Thou the word, and bid them shed my blood,
 Fully in me Thy will be done, O God!”

‘On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down as ordered, with his back to the soldiers. The multitude recollected, that, in some affecting lines written by the conspirator in prison, he had said that it would be useless to seek to kill him by shooting his body — that his heart must be pierced ere it would cease its throbbings. At the last moment, just as the soldiers were about to fire, he rose up and gazed for an instant around and above him, on the beautiful capital of his native land, and its sail-flecked bay, on the dense crowds about him, the blue mountains in the distance, and the sky glorious with the summer sunshine. “Adios, mundo!” (Farewell, world!) he said, calmly, and sat down. The word was given, and five balls entered his body. Then it was, that, amidst the groans and murmurs of the horror-stricken spectators, he rose up once more, and turned his head to the shuddering soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. “Will no one pity me?” he said, laying his hand over his heart. “Here, fire here!” While he yet spake, two balls entered his heart, and he

fell dead. Thus perished the hero-poet of Cuba. He has not fallen in vain. His genius and his heroic death will doubtless be regarded by his race as precious legacies. To the great names of L'Ouverture and Petion, the colored man can now add that of Juan Placido.'

We have given, in the text, the beautiful translation by MRS. MARIA W. CHAPMAN. The reader can now compare the two different versions.

His works display great genius, exquisite taste, and an unfeigned love of virtue and piety. There is a grandeur and sublimity in his productions very seldom united.

We add the following just tribute from the New York Tribune, to this noble man:—

'Placido was a patriot and a holy martyr. He was actuated by the highest influences that ever inspired humanity to resist oppression. He met his death, and all the scoffs and tortures which the inquisitorials of Spain could inflict, without yielding a point or betraying an accomplice. Cuba has few such men; if she had, all her bonds would have been cast deep into the Gulf long ago. Placido was a true poet, too, as well as patriot and martyr; and the soul that is exalted by true poetry has such cognizance of God that it scorns human bondage. Almost his last words in prison, before being led out for execution, form one of the loftiest hymns to Liberty recorded in any language.'

NOTE 3, PAGE 95.

Daniel De Foe.

DANIEL DE FOE was born in London, in 1661. He was intended for a Presbyterian minister, but entered into trade. He failed in business, and absconded from his creditors; but it should be said to his honor, that he voluntarily paid most of his creditors both principal and interest.

Daniel De Foe was the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, of *Moll Flanders*, *Colonel Jack*, *A Political History of the Devil*, and a great number of other works, amounting to about two hundred and ten! Historians suppose he wrote even more, because he did not always affix his name to his productions.

In 1699, he wrote his 'True Born Englishman, a Poetical Satire on Foreigners, and a Defence of King William and the Dutch.' The work had an unexampled sale. The opening lines of this satire have frequently been quoted:—

'Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.'

In 1702, he wrote an ironical treatise against the High Church party, entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. This was voted to be a libel, by the House of Commons. The author was found guilty, and was sentenced to imprisonment, to stand in the pillory, and pay a fine of two hundred marks. He at first concealed himself, but his printer and bookseller being apprehended, he generously came forward, to use his own words, 'to throw himself upon the favors of the government, rather than others should be ruined by his mistakes.' During his hours of imprisonment, he wrote that stinging satire entitled *A Hymn to the Pillory*. He called it the 'State Trap of the Law.'

Pope, in his 'Dunciad,' alludes to De Foe in the pillory with the spirit of a political partizan, not that of a friend to literature or liberty.

'Earless on high stood unabashed De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.'

In this couplet Pope has joined with De Foe, Tutchin, whom Judge Jeffries ordered to be so inhumanly whipped that he petitioned to the king to be hanged!

After the publication of his satire, the noted Thomas Brown produced a pleasant dialogue 'Between the Pillory and Daniel De Foe.' Ned Ward, in a work written against De Foe, accuses him of taking occasion from his sentence to write another book:—

'The Pillory was but a hook
To make him write another book.
His lofty hymn to the wooden ruff
Was to the law a counter cuff,
And, truly, without whiggish flattery,
A plain assault and downright battery.'

While in prison, De Foe conducted a periodical work, published twice a week, entitled *The Review*. He again tried his hand at political irony, and was a second time thrown into prison, and condemned to pay a fine of £800. His confinement terminated in a few days.

Of the poems which we have inserted, much need not be said. In our first edition, we knew nothing of the satire, entitled, *More Reformation*. A mere accident brought it to light. In examining some books at Harvard College library, we found a single reference to this inimitable satire, and soon had the work itself placed in our hands. It is now probably very scarce. It covered over about fifty pages, very openly printed. We took the liberty of making extracts, placing over each an appropriate title. De Foe, in his preface, complains that 't is hard, that when by a man's writing 't is plain enough what he means, yet a poor author should be forced to trouble the world with a long account of what he does not mean, too!' He then alludes to his work, entitled, *The True Born Englishman*. 'This is the case,' he says,

'with respect to those dissenters who are of opinion that a certain book, which *'is too true for me was of my writing,* was writ with a design to have all the dissenters hanged, banished, or destroyed, and that the gallows and all the gallies should be the penalty of going to a conventicle, forgetting that the same time I must design to have my father, my wife, six innocent children, and myself put into the same condition!' The whole preface is full of sentiment.

Of the other poems we need not speak. 'The Hymn to the Pillory' is a fine satire on that 'hieroglyphic state machine.' He ably contrasts, in the remaining two verses, the conduct of the slave-owners with those of the Spaniards who butchered the people of Mexico, to possess their gold, and 'left one third of God's creation void.' He gives the palm of superior mercy to the latter.

De Foe possessed extraordinary talents. As a commercial writer, he is entitled to stand foremost among his cotemporaries. He possessed great originality, profound knowledge, a lively imagination, solid judgment. As a satirist, he has, perhaps, never been excelled; in grave irony, he may have given his first lessons to Swift. As a novelist, he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding. As an essayist, he suggested the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator.' He may be considered the father or the founder of the English novel. His work on Robinson Crusoe has passed through many editions, and been translated into several languages. It will ever be read as one of the most wonderful works of fiction ever produced by any writer in any age. The natural longing for society expressed by Crusoe is in the highest degree pathetic, 'Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!' The description of Crusoe's sensations on finding the foot-print on the sand is

an incident conceived in the very spirit of poetry. Dr. Beattie said of it, that it was 'one of those novels which one may read not only with pleasure, but with profit.' Rousseau said, 'It is one of the best books that can be put into the hands of children.'

The life of this active and voluminous writer was closed in April 1731. It seems to have been one of continued want, dulness and persecution. He died insolvent, though the author of two hundred and ten books and pamphlets. What a sad commentary on the fate of authors!

NOTE 9, PAGE 107.

Benvenuto Cellini.

THESE poems are copied from a very singular work, entitled, 'The Life of **BENVENUTO CELLINI**: A Florentine Artist. Containing a variety of Curious and Interesting Particulars relative to Painting, Sculpture and Architecture: and a History of his Own Time. Written by Himself, in the Tuscan Language, and translated from the Original, by **THOMAS NUGENT**, L.L. D., F. S. A. In two volumes. Philadelphia: R. & T. Desilver, 1812.'

Of the birth of Cellini we have the following anecdote:

'The father, who was not expecting a son, was told by the midwife that she had brought him a fine present. Being of a philosophical disposition, he said, "What God gives me, I shall always receive thankfully;" but finding that it was the dear, unexpected boy, he joined his hands together, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this present, which is very dear and acceptable to me." The standers by asked him, joyfully, what name he proposed to give the child; but he made them no other answer than, "Let him be **BENVENUTO**, which signifies Welcome.'"

He was born on All-Saints' day, in the year 1600.

His Life was written more than two centuries ago, and was originally published in 1730; having been suppressed for some time, for reasons which will occur to the English reader. He was imprisoned on a false accusation of being in possession of a great treasure taken from the castle of St. Angelo, when it was sacked by the Spaniards. He suffered much in his confinement. His towering genius was still active, for human ingenuity, as yet, has built no walls so thick, nor forged no chains so heavy, as to confine the human soul. His poems evince a good spirit, and are worthy of perusal. His work contains many curious incidents of himself and his times. He was an intimate friend of the renowned Michael Angelo, whose works are known throughout the world. Horace Walpole thus speaks of this remarkable genius:—

'Cellini was one of the most extraordinary men in an extraordinary age; but his life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel known.'

A writer in the Retrospective Review uses the following strong language:—

'This is, perhaps, the most perfect piece of autobiography that ever was written, whether considered with reference to the candor and veracity of the author, the spirit of the incidents, or the breathing vitality of the narrative. It has also the recommendation of having been written at a very interesting period of literary history, and of recording some curious particulars relative to the private character of the great men of the time. * * We never, in the whole course of our life, read a book of more engaging description.' * * *

Benvenuto Cellini, a man of great genius and uncommon versatility of talents; caressed alike by kings, popes, and dignitaries of the church of Rome; esteemed by men

of learning; lauded by the most eminent artists of his time; and beloved by all his acquaintance. Admitted into the privacy of the most elevated in rank and station, he never forgot what was due to himself as a man; he was neither servile to kings nor their mistresses; he neither flattered popes nor their favorites; he neither worshipped a cardinal's hat nor the tiara; he was bold for the right, and thought not that St. Peter's chair could sanctify wrong or hallow injustice; he dared to speak the truth; an audacity fatal to the hopes of the followers of courts, and the aspirers to place.'

NOTE 10, PAGE 116.

Major John Andre.

EVERY reader of American history knows the fate of Andre. He was condemned as a spy during the American revolution, while negotiating with Arnold about the surrender of West Point. He was distinguished for his talents and elegance of manners. He was executed at the age of twenty-nine.

Mrs. Child, in her first series of letters from New York, gives some interesting sketches of her visit to the town where he was captured, and the place of his execution and burial. It was at Tarrytown, near the Hudson. She thus speaks of the slight circumstance that led to his detection:—'In 1790, two men called at a farmer's for a glass of cider. While waiting, the farmer saw them looking intently upon some object. He inquired what they saw. "Hush! hush!" they replied; "the red-coats are yonder, just within the Lap." Twenty-four men, in an English gun-boat, were lying on their oars. The Americans fired, and killed two persons. The British left at once. Andre arrived, and finding the boat

202 BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

gone, attempted to proceed to the interior, and was soon taken. So much may depend on a draught of cider! What a slight circumstance may fix our destiny! He was executed at Orangetown. At half a mile's distance was the head-quarters of General Washington.

A few years since, the Duke of York requested the British consul to send the remains of Andre to England. Two thriving firs were found near the grave, and a peach tree which a lady had planted there! At the removal of the remains, many of the women and children wept. The roots of the peach tree had entirely interwoven the skull with their fine net-work! Where the gallows had been erected was an old Dutch farm-house, occupied by a man whose father had frequently sold peaches to the 'beloved and lamented Andre.' Mrs. Child saw the identical room where Andre was imprisoned. With the exception of new plastering, it remains the same as then. It is long, low, and narrow, and being without furniture or fire-place, it still has rather a jail-like look. 'I was sorry,' she says, 'for the new plastering, for I hoped to find some record of prison thoughts cut in the walls. Two doves were cuddled together on a bench in one corner, and looked in somewhat melancholy mood. These mates were all alone in that silent apartment where Andre shed bitter tears over the miniature of his beloved. Alas for mated human hearts! This world is too often for them a pilgrimage of sorrow.'

Since the publication of the first edition of this work, we have visited the gallery at Yale College, New Haven, Ct., and we find the portrait to be attached to Andre's poem a very exact imitation. Andre drew his likeness without the aid of a glass. He was seated in his guard room the morning appointed for his execution. He was, however, respited one day. He often drew him-

self, with his pen, for amusement. He presented the drawing to Mr. Tomlinson, an officer on guard.

A lock of hair, taken from his grave, after being buried forty years, is very carefully preserved in the same institution, presented by Ebenezer Baldwin, Aug. 8, 1832.

NOTE 11, PAGE 117.

Col. Richard Lovelace.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old cavaliers, was written during his confinement in the gate-house, Westminster, where he was committed by the House of Commons, in 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Atheansæ*, vol. ii., p. 228, and Lyson's *Environs of London*, vol. i., p. 109, where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity and want, 1658. The song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems, entitled '*Lucasta*, 1649, 12mo,' collated with a copy in the editor's folio MS.

To beguile the time of his confinement, he collected his poems, and published them, in 1649, under the title of *Lucasta: Odes, Songs, Sonnets, &c.* He chose this title on account of the 'lady of his love,' Miss Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called *Lux Casta*.

The work may be found in the Boston Athenæum. The poem is in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii., p. 246, London edition. Also in Chambers' *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, with a sketch of his

Life, p. 144; published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

NOTE 12, PAGE 131.

John Harrington.

JOHN HARRINGTON, an English poet, flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was allied, by marriage, to the royal family, and was a favorite with Queen Elizabeth. He was imprisoned in the tower by Queen Mary, for holding correspondence with Princess Elizabeth. It is said he was confined with his wife eleven months for carrying a letter to the princess. After the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, he was rewarded with marks of peculiar favor, with reference more especially to his son, Sir John Harrington, who became distinguished for his literary attainments. He died in 1612.

The Harringtons were remarkable for their lineage, as well as literary and official distinctions. One of them (James Harrington) seems to have caused much trouble to the royal family, inasmuch as he dared to question the divine right of kings. This will appear from the following letter written by a bigoted opponent to *James Harrington*, soon after the publication of his *Oceana*. It is entitled, 'A SLAP ON THE SNOUT OF THE REPUBLICAN SWINE THAT ROOTETH UP MONARCHY.' [See a curious work, entitled *Nugæ Antiquæ*.] The changes in our orthography will not detract from a just admiration of the elegy.

'What,' he asks, 'moveth James Harrington to provoke the wrath of Kings? His own lineage is derived from the blood of the Anointed. The marriage of your ancestor with a descendant from Matilda, niece to William the Conqueror, is the first derivation of royalty; another

was granted large rewards by State acts, for valiantly making prisoner Henry the Sixth, in obedience to the Powers that were then ruling. The great King Henry the VIIIth matched his darling daughter to John Harrington, and, though a natural daughter, dowered her with the rich lands of Bath priory; and Queen Elizabeth affected these faithful servants so much, as to become god-mother to their son, and made him a knyght for his wit and his valour. Our blessed King James did enoble your great uncle the Lord Harrington of Exton, and entrusted to his care and wisdom the renowned Princess Elizabeth for tuition. Yourself was caressed by the blessed martyr Charles, and honoured with wordes, and even his princelie favours from his own hands on the scaffold. Why do you thus stir up the people to imagine a vain thing, and set themselves against the Anointed, to whom you claim such glorious affinity, nay, consanguinity? Had Prince Henry had presage of your boldness, he would not have chosen young Lord Harrington, your cousin, to tennis withal, and write Latin epistles to in Germany. The whole is to disturb the peace again, and fill the people with notions of King's doing wrong, which all earthly wisdom and divine information prove they cannot do: for whatever is of God is pure and perfect. I could not hold from speaking thus much, and, if I may say more, you cannot do a better deed than burn the work, which will continue to sin when you are no more able to sin, and forever prevent the shadow of mercy from approaching you; for to him that fighteth against Kings there can be no peace or quarter from the King of Kings. I am your well-adviser, but in such wrath, as the cause requireth,

J. LESLEY, *Dep. C.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 137.

JAMES I.

THIS monarch was confined eighteen years in Windsor castle. He was only eleven years of age when his im-

prisonment commenced. The news was brought to his father, we are told, 'while at supper, and did so overwhelm him with grief that he was almost ready to give up the ghost into the hands of the servants who attended him. But being carried to his bed-chamber, he abstained from all food, and in three days died of hunger and grief at Rothesay.'

The subject of his poem was his love for the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, of whom he became enamored while in prison, and to whom he was subsequently espoused. There is a beautiful story connected with his long imprisonment, which will undoubtedly gratify the reader. It is said that at one time, in awaking from a trance, and rising from his stony pillow, he prayed that some token might be sent to confirm the promise of happier days. Suddenly, a turtle dove of the purest whiteness came flying in at the window, and alights upon his hand, bearing in her bill a branch of red gilliflowers, in the leaves of which was written, in letters of gold the following sentence:—

'Awake! awake! I bring, lover, I bring
The news glad that blissful is, and sure
Of this comfort, now laugh and play and sing,
For in the heaven decret it is thy cure.'

He received the branch with mingled hope and dread; read it with rapture, and this, he says, was the first token of his increasing happiness. In an edition of his poems, in the Boston Athenæum, there is a fine engraving of this incident. We are indebted to Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature for the poem.

NOTE 14, PAGE 142.

Anne Boleyn.

HISTORY scarcely furnishes a biography more romantic than the melancholy and eventful life of Anne Boleyn, the second queen of Henry VIII. She was maid of honor to Catharine, Henry's first wife, when he fell in love with her. Determined to marry her, he applied to the pope for a divorce, which was refused. Afterwards, defying the pope, he married Anne, which became the occasion of the Reformation. She was a woman of great beauty, of brilliant talents, and of uncommon charity. She gave away, in three quarters of a year, fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds. She also intended to send money into the four quarters of the realm for the benefit of poor artificers and occupiers. She very unwisely made her way to the throne of Great Britain. She was too fond of admiration, and too condescending, to be a queen. The tyrant who sacrificed one wife for her was equally ready to sacrifice her for another.

Speaking of her condemnation, she says:—

'But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the joying of your desired happiness,' (she here alludes to Jane Seymour,) 'then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin herein, and likewise my enemies, the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strait account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose just judgement, I doubt not, (whatever the world may think of me,) my innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentle-

men whom, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake.

'If ever I have found favor in your sight — if ever the name of Anne Boleyn have been pleasing in your ears — then let me obtain this request: and so I will leave to trouble Graces any further; with mine earnest prayer to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

'From my doleful prison in the Tower, the sixth of May.

'ANNE BOLEYN.'

But we have no room to enter into the details of her eventful life, in these notes. We hasten, then, to her death, which seems to reveal the true character better than the bustling scenes of life. John Fox has preserved her words, which breathe a strain of fervent piety and resignation in that solemn hour: —

'Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or a more merciful prince was there never, and to me he was a very good, a gentle and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul.' And so she kneeled down, saying, 'To Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul;' repeating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

Compare the holy resignation of this woman to the conduct of the king. He waited under an oak at a short distance from London, to hear the Tower guns which should announce that the head of his queen rolled on the scaffold. At last, when the summer sun rose high

to its zenith. the sullen sound of the death-gun boomed along the winding of the Thames. 'Ha! ha!' he cried, with savage joy, 'the deed is done — uncouple the hounds and away!' And with these words, leaping on his horse, he followed the stag a while, and then, turning from the hunt, galloped off to Wolf Hall, the residence of the Seymours, where he alighted without drawing rein. The next morning he was married to Jane Seymour.

The following incident is given in Houseate's Memoirs, relative to her death:—

'Anne Boleyn, being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes bandaged, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the minister who assisted in the execution could obtain was that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them every moment, the executioner was fearful of missing his aim, and was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen; he drew off his shoes and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, and made a great noise while walking, so that this circumstance drew the attention of Anne. She turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this circumstance to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eye of the loved but unfortunate victim. She was beheaded at the Tower, 1536.'

This fearful tragedy adds another to the bloody history of the death penalty. A terrible weapon this to put into human hands. Life is too sacred to be thus severed at the nod of a tyrant. During the reign of this Blue Beard, there was a law which made it death to affirm *that he was lawfully married to one of his wives!* The mere clipping of an English shilling was liable to the same penalty. Which the tyrant conceived the most heinous crime, we are not now informed. It should, however, be

stated, that this law respecting coin existed as early as the year 1283, in the time of Edward the First. Prince David, a Welsh patriot, suffered for the crime; his heart was torn out from his living body, dashed in his face, and then burnt! It was the law for five hundred years!

NOTE 15, PAGE 155.

C— M—.

THE poems by C— M— have been highly extolled by some of the best scholars, for their beauty, simplicity, and originality. 'The Blind Girl,' and 'The Prisoner's Address to his Mother,' are both couched in the most touching language. The 'Prisoner's Address' has been set to music. We have already stated that we had the pleasure of hearing the author sing it, with three of his companions. The occasion, of itself, was inspiring. It was at the celebration of our National Independence, in 1847, which is now annually held in the Charlestown prison, by the 'Massachusetts State Prison Society for Mutual Aid and Improvement.' This organization was effected by the excellent warden, Hon. Frederick Robinson. This is a precursor of that bright day when our penitentiaries shall become moral hospitals.

The following was the order of service:—

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

PRAYER.

Anthem, by the Choir.

Remarks by the President.

Glee— *Pilgrims and Wanderers*.

Remarks by Wm. H—, a prisoner.

ORIGINAL SONG.

Remarks by L— S—, a prisoner.

Original Poem, by C— M—, a prisoner.

Remarks by J. M. K—, a prisoner.

Poem by B. F. E—, a prisoner.

Remarks by W— H—, a prisoner.

Glee—*Day on the Mountains.*

Remarks by J— M. B—, a prisoner.

Poem, by W— B—, a prisoner.

Remarks by A— L—.

A MARCH.

Ode on Science, by the Choir.

Addresses were interspersed, by Dr. Channing, C. Spear, J. M. Spear, and others, as honorary members.

It was, indeed, a new thing in prison life, for the inmates to celebrate the independence of their country. Some eloquent addresses were delivered. While, without the walls, the freeman was rejoicing with guns and bells, within, the prisoner was enabled to join with him. Who will say that such a course leads to crime? But we have not room to enlarge. A sketch would have been given of this prison poet, but he preferred not to have his history spread before the world's eye. This prisoner is now at liberty. His behavior was so commendable that the governor and council shortened his term of sentence. He is now an industrious, faithful man. It is hoped that he will still cultivate the muse, and give the world some more effusions from his pen like 'The Blind Girl,' or 'Prisoner's Address to his Mother.'

NOTE 16, PAGE 177.

John Quiner.

Of this prisoner, we have received the following particulars from one who was acquainted with the circumstances generally, but who cannot vouch for the correctness of every particular. We had expected a sketch from the hand of one of the sisters, but was disappointed in not obtaining it in season.

'John Quiner was tried and punished for stealing more than once. He was sentenced to the state prison in one case. While he was under sentence there, he escaped, was re-taken in Beverly, and carried back. Whether he plead guilty or not, in the cases mentioned, I cannot say. In December, 1826, he was examined before a justice, on a charge of breaking into a dwelling-house and stealing, when he plead not guilty before the justice; but being bound over for trial, he was convicted at court.

'He has three sisters living, but I believe he has no brother, having lost three or more.'

'He was drowned in a canal, at Lowell. I do not know where he was buried. He was reputed to be intemperate, and much addicted to stealing. In one instance he confessed his own crime, and plead his own cause. During a period of his life he was insane.'

For his poems we are indebted to the gentlemanly proprietor of the Essex Register, Salem. They were originally published there, in 1829. There are several other pieces, but for these the public must wait till we publish another collection.

NOTE 17, PAGE 183.

S — H —

THIS prisoner has evinced great talent. Writing to a friend, he says:—

'I have enclosed two or three of some hundred poems which I composed at my work-bench, or in the retirement of my cell, when nothing was heard but the muffled step of the sentinel, broken at intervals perchance by an outbreak of profane language, emanating from the mouth of some careless impenitent, whom no philosophy can humanize, no religion reclaim, and no charity soften.'

Speaking of his imprisonment, he thus writes:—

* * * 'Like a death-knell, in my startled ear, a parent's slighted warnings rung; and oft the massy

portals of the tomb that shields a mother's sacred dust, would ope afresh, and from its gloomy shades, in midnight dreams, her injured soul would rise and chide me for my bygone crimes; until the sealed-up fountains of the heart proclaimed, in streams of copious tears, that mighty change, o'er which the high intelligences of brighter worlds rejoice, and sweep their golden harps in pure ecstatic strains.

'My incarceration has been a painful, but I hope my future life will prove it a salutary, affliction; privation has learned me how to appreciate the blessings of life; and I am well aware there are many within those walls who can adopt the language of Peter, when witnessing, on Tabor's verdant summit, the transfiguration of his Master, "*It is good for me to be here!*" and if ecstatic joy can fill the sainted Howard's breast, bending o'er the diamond minarets of glory, attentive listener to the captive's mournful cry, it is when he beholds the human efforts now in operation for the amelioration of that part of our unhappy race, whose miseries and privations enlisted through life the energies and sympathies of this good and great benefactor of the world.

'I am, in conclusion,

'Your humble and obedient servant,

'S ——— H ———.'

NOTE 18, PAGE 191.

Obadiah Parker.

In a letter from Rev. Wm. S. Balch, we gather the following particulars of this prisoner:—

'This poem was written by Mr. Obadiah Parker, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, from one of the upper counties in this state. His crime was forgery. He was a man of superior talents and an excellent education. His conduct, while in prison, was such that he was pardoned after a few years' confinement. Immediately after his liberation, he established a school close by the prison, in what was then called Greenwich Village, which became very popular. Many men who have

become distinguished in the various professions were his pupils, among whom is Rev. E. H. Chapin, of Boston. He was highly respected as a successful teacher, and an estimable citizen. He removed, some years ago, to Ohio, where he has since died.

'He wrote the verses you have copied while on his way down the Hudson from Albany, on board a sloop, and concluded the last verse after he came in sight of his prison home.

'I am thine, &c.,

'WM. S. BALCH.

'New York, June 29, 1847.'

NOTE 19, PAGE 193.

W—— G——.

In May, 1847, J. M. Spear was visiting the Sing Sing prison, at New York. He took occasion to call one of the inmates *brother*. He was displeased. Sometimes he was deranged. He treated the friend disrespectfully, which he afterwards regretted. This incident occasioned the following correspondence, which, doubtless, will be read with interest. Mrs. Farnham was then the matron of the prison:—

'MRS. FARNHAM:

'If you think it proper, you may say to the gentleman for whom the enclosed is designed, that I was sorry, in a short time afterward, for the disrespectful way in which I spoke to him when he kindly called me "brother." You know (or, at least, I know) that I feel sometimes that there is not one creature on earth that cares for me. It was whilst I was in this very mood that I acted so improperly towards Mr. Spear. I have been ashamed of it a hundred times since.

'Yours, &c.

'W—— G——.'

Mrs. Farnham kindly forwarded, with the lines and the above note, a few words, which we here publish:—

*'Mount Pleasant Prison, }
Sing Sing, N. Y. }*

'J. M. SPEAR:

'Dear Sir, — When you visited us in May, you saw a young man in the office of the male prison, who, as you will doubtless remember, was, at that time, in a state of partial derangement of mind. Since that time he is much improved, and, indeed, is now quite recovered. He has charge of a part of the garden, and some two weeks since, as I was passing through it, I asked him to gather for me some of the falling roses, of which there was a great profusion about him. He did so, and the incident which he has, as I think, so beautifully preserved in the following lines, was not mentioned until some days after it occurred. I send you the poem for your paper, thinking it worthy of insertion there, or in more pretending journals than yours.

'Very truly yours,

'E. W. FARNHAM.

'July 1st, 1847.'

*'Mount Pleasant Prison Garden, }
June 28, 1847. }*

'MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM:

'Madam, — You will remember of me telling you of the mishap to the bee whilst I was gathering your rose petals. I knew you would be reluctant to accept anything the acquiring of which had caused pain to any creature, and consequently did not mention it to you until several days after I handed you the rose-leaves. I paid very close attention to the bee under misfortune. I thought, at the time, it would be a pretty theme, and have, in the following lines, attempted to commemorate a circumstance in which I felt deeply interested at the time of its occurrence.

'With respect, &c.,

'W—— G——.'

The lines, of course, will be found in the body of the work.

NOTE 20, PAGE 195.

C. R. S. Boyington.

THE author of these lines was a printer, and worked in this city. He was accused of the crime of murder. At his execution a scene of horror occurred that beggars all description. It is described by one who seems to have been an eye-witness :

'He dashed from the foot of the scaffold among the military. But he was easily secured. * * * He succeeded in thrusting his hands between the rope and his throat, and thus, resisting and struggling to the last, died despairing, and, for aught that human eye could see, impenitent.' * * *

It is said that he was afterwards found to be *innocent* !

NOTE 21, PAGE 198.

(IN the Rhode Island state prison, there is a cell curiously ornamented by various paintings on the wall — the work of a convict. Directly under the window which lights the cell, is the *Lord's Prayer* ; over the bed are the *Ten Commandments* ;) above the door is a copy of a very singular *advertisement*, in which things are called by their right names ; on the door is the name, COSMOPOLITE HOTEL ; by its side, the *Bride's Farewell* ; and then, on the other side, are the *Convict's Address to his Mother*, the *Gambler's Wife*, some sentences entitled *What I would do*, *True Charity*, and two sportive pieces. These are all painted in very smooth, elegant letters, on the rough, white-washed granite wall, and exhibit a skill at lettering seldom rivalled. They were thus painted by the convict who introduced the manufacture of elegantly

printed *fans*, of which very many thousands have been made in the prison, most beautifully decorated with flowers, or birds, or other ornaments, finished with a precision of drawing and niceness of execution truly surprising. The poem is one of the above mentioned pieces, with the signature as annexed.

THE CONVICT'S ADDRESS TO HIS MOTHER.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

At last we reach the end of our labors. Many a long day have we spent upon our work. We know it bears the marks of imperfection. But, such as it is, we send it forth on its mission, trusting it will find favor, and earnestly hoping that it may tend to soften the prejudices of many against the prisoner. We have given some few results of his labor. We have entered with some minuteness into the details of his prison history. We have followed him to his dark and gloomy cell. We have seen him, when shut out from the world, seek a solace in the charms of poetry. We have given a brief history of him; and gladly would we have given an entire sketch of each poet, but our work has been delayed far beyond our original intention. When we first entered this field, we scarcely found flowers enough to cheer us in our path. Soon the field opened and widened, till we knew not where to stop. A more beautiful, a more intensely interesting subject, never presented itself to the human intellect. Yet how few have entered upon it! This is the first volume the world has ever seen of the Poetry of the Prison. And even small as this is, we have scarcely been cheered in our labors. It may, like many of the authors, be consigned to oblivion. But our duty is done. Our inner soul has been refreshed. We have found one of the most beautiful fields of literature that can be imagined. Delightful have been our feelings as we have wandered among the dark cells, not with the cruelties of man, but with that wonderful, recuperative power of genius, that overleaps all human boundaries, that disdains the chain and the fetter, that triumphs at the fagot, and rejoices at the cross. What a grand thought! That no fetters that human ingenuity can forge, no walls that human skill can

build, can chain the immortal mind! What sublime illustrations in Montgomery, Madame Guyon, Garrison, Raleigh, Placide, Bunyan, and in that long line of Royal Authors!

In the preparation of the work, we acknowledge, with pleasure, our indebtedness to the gentlemanly proprietors of the Boston Athenæum, to the librarian of Harvard University, to the Warden of our State prison, to our own brother, J. M. SMAR, and to many others, whose names we know they would not expect us to mention.

To save constant reference, we have placed a list of some few books consulted.

LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED.

NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ: Being a Miscellaneous Collection of Original Papers, in Prose and Verse; written during the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and King James. By SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, Knt.; and by others who lived in those times. Selected from Authentic Remains. By the late HENRY HARRINGTON, M. A. And newly arranged, with Illustrative Notes, by THOMAS PARK, F. S. A. 2 vols. London. 1804. Printed by J. Wright.

A CATALOGUE OF THE ROYAL AND NOBLE AUTHORS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND, with Lists of their Works. By the late HORATIO WALFORD, Earl of Orford. 5 vols. London. 1806.

THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEGH, KNT. By ARTHUR CALEY, JR., Esq. In two volumes. London. Cadell and Davies. 1806.

LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEGH; with Sketches of Burleigh, Essex, Secretary Cecil, Sidney, Spenser. By PATRICK FRASER TYLER, Esq. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, Tweeddale Court. 1833.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEGH. By Mrs. A. T. THOMSON. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea. 1831.

LIFE, AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF MADAME DE LA MOTHE GUYON; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, in Bowdoin College. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

POEMS; Translated from the French of Madame de la Mothe Guyon. By WILLIAM COWPER. Philadelphia. 1804.

POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE. By H. W. LOWE-FELLOW. Philadelphia. 1845.

RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY; Consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other pieces, of our earlier Poets, together with some few of later date. 3 vols. By THOMAS PERCY.

THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI, a Florentine Artist; Containing a Variety of Curious and Interesting Particulars, relative to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; and a History of His Own Time. Written by Himself, in the Tuscan Language, and translated from the Original by THOMAS NUGENT, L.L. D., F. S. A. 2 vols. Philadelphia. K. & T. Desilver. 1812.

THOUGHTS IN PRISON; in five parts. By WILLIAM DODD, L.L. D. Chiswick: C. Whittingham, College House. 1823.

CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Selection of the Choicest Productions of English Authors, from the earliest to the present time; connected by a Critical and Biographical History. Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. 2 vols. Boston. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1847.

A DECLARATION OF THE DEMEANOR AND CARRIAGE OF SIR WALTER RALEGH, KNIGHT, as well in his Voyage, as in and sithence his Returns; and of the True Motives which occasioned His Maestie to Proceed in doing Justice upon him, as hath bene done. London: Printed by Barham Norton and John Bill, Printers to the King's most excellent Maestie. M.DC.XVIII.

THE HISTORY OF THE BASTILLE, AND OF ITS PRINCIPAL CAPTIVES. By R. A. DAVENPORT. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846.

THE AMERICAN LITERARY MAGAZINE, Vol I., No. 1. 1847. Conducted by TIMOTHY DWIGHT SPRAGUE. Burgess, Stringer and Co., New York.

THE BELFAST PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE. Vol I., No. 3. 1847. Ireland: Lamont, Brothers.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL DE FOE; containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions upon a variety of Important Matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical. By WALTER WILSON, Esq. 3 vols. London: Hurst, Chance & Co. 1830.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME; Delivered under the Similitude of a Dream. By JOHN BUNYAN.

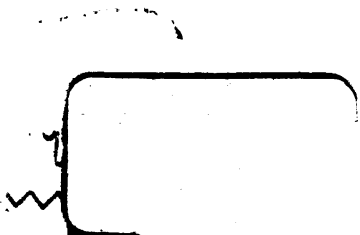
SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS; with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry. By THOMAS CAMPBELL. 7 vols. London: John Murray. 1819


LORD BYRON, AND SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy. By LEIGH HUNT. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Carey. 1828.

MY CONFESSIONS TO SILVIO PELLICO. The Autobiography of Guido Sorelli. London: For the Author, 18 Piccadilly. 1837.

HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. By J. C. L. SIMONDS DE SIMONDS. London: Henry Colburn & Co. 1823.

1





3 2044 014 351 480

HARVARD COLLEGE
CONSERVED
JAN. 2002
LIBRARY
JCL

